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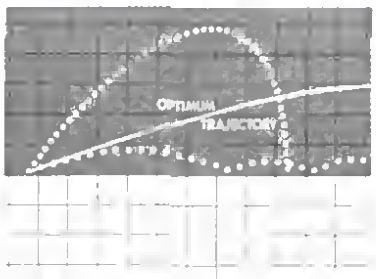
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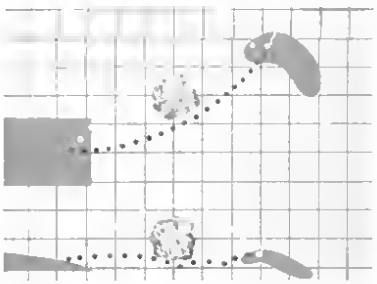
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Contents

MAY 20, 1968 *Volume 28, No. 20*

Cover photograph by Jerry Cooke

20 It Was a Bitter Pill

The pill was Butazolidin and it had been given to the Derby winner. The question was when

26 Turbines and Trauma at Indy

As practice quickened for the 500, turbine cars were quickest, but there was death and disorder, too

28 Last Bastion of Elegance

Three old and conservative Long Island golf courses seek to maintain the noble traditions of the game

40 Dick Tiger Fights Two Wars

Taking leave of Biafra's battle for independence, the champion prepares to meet Bob Foster

46 Score One for Today's Students

The campus attitude toward sports isn't what it used to be, and thank goodness, says a university professor

76 Tears for Toe, Wine for Gump

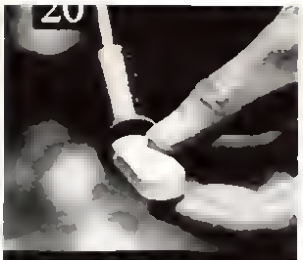
As Montreal finally suppressed St. Louis to take the Stanley Cup, the coach quit and the goalie reveled

78 Sunday Sin on the River Usk

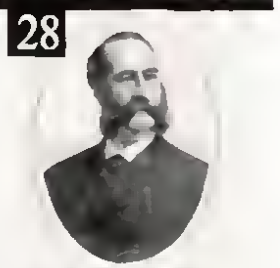
On a day when most Welshmen are in church, Siôn Jones, an impious salmon poacher, goes about his work

The departments

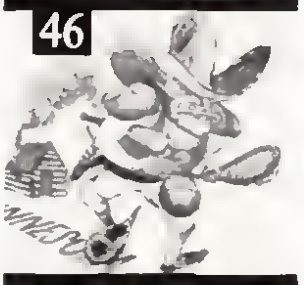
13 Scorecard
62 People
64 Rugby
68 Bridge
71 Track & Field
74 Golf
76 Hockey
97 Baseball's Week
98 For the Record
99 19th Hole















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Credits on page 98

Next week

BRASH AND BUMPTIOUS, the Cincinnati Reds' hustling Pete Rose is a throwback to the oldtime ballplayer. William Leggett, after a week with Rose, tells what makes Pete run.

THE MASTERS ARGUMENT continues as the new champion, Bob Goalby, finds himself forced to defend his right to the title while trying to point out he is no fresh discovery.

INDY IN FERMENT stages its critical first week of qualifying trials for the 500. Bob Ottum reports the action, and the color camera focuses on the leading drivers and their cars.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

On June 1 Golf Writer Alfred Wright (*page 28*) will be leaving SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's New York office to take on a new assignment for us in Los Angeles. It's a return-of-the-native thing, because Al was born and raised in Los Angeles. He went East to attend Yale back in the '30s, but after graduation he returned to California for graduate work. And, though he first went to work for Time Inc. in 1936, he was seldom based in New York until he came to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1955. Before that he had been mostly in places like London and San Francisco, for TIME, and the South Pacific, flying dive bombers for the U.S. Navy.

It took Al pretty nearly all the years



WRIGHT IN HIS NATIVE HABITAT

he has been with this magazine to figure out where to live happily on the East Coast ("on a little potato farm way out on Long Island, in the prettiest country you'd ever want to see"), at which point, of course, we decided we needed him in L.A. Still, he is pleased with his new assignment. He will be concentrating on the West Coast sporting scene and doing special stories for us that will benefit to a significant degree from his particular knowledge of the area. He is looking forward to the luxury of doing the kind of writing that permits a man a decent amount of time to walk back and forth between paragraphs and look out the window at trees now and then. In covering golf, with tournaments almost always ending on Sunday, Al frequently found himself writing all night through in order to meet our deadline. That is not a unique chore around here, but it is an exhausting one, and, as Al observes, "The older you get the harder it is to stay up all night."

Nor is Wright reluctant to give up the golf beat, though he has a strong and lasting affection for the sport. "I've been writing about it for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED since 1960," he points out, "and that means I've been through an entire era. Palmer and Player were just coming to the top then, and Nicklaus hadn't even appeared yet. Now a new wave of golfers is coming up, and a new era may be in the making."

And so Al Wright climbs on his jet and rides west into the sunset. For those of us here in the New York office, things are going to be a little different now. Al was our prime authority on such diverse subjects as the *Social Register*, John O'Hara and the old days in Hollywood. He could reminisce about good times with Humphrey Bogart and Mike Romanoff, Evelyn Waugh and C. S. Lewis, Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley, and we don't know anyone else who used to play Ping-Pong with W. C. Fields or who married Joan Fontaine. When Truman Capote gives another Party of the Year, will he invite anyone else from our staff to the affair? Except for visits from George Plimpton, we may have lost our contact with Glamour.

Even more, we are losing the amiable, daily presence of Al Wright himself. We will miss him—wandering casually around the office in shirtsleeves and sweater vest, carrying his chipped coffee mug with the hand-painted skull and bones and telling his wonderful stories. But we will look forward to his perceptive, sensitive essays—written, perhaps, in tranquillity, but concerning themselves with the nation's most kaleidoscopic and vital sports scene.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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BOOKTALK

As an artist Ray Harm is soaring, but as an author he remains down-to-earth

There isn't much news about nature in *The Ray Harm Nature Sketchbook* (World Publishing Co., Cleveland and New York, $7.95). Even if they don't know it already, readers probably will manage to keep their cool at hearing that the Kentucky cardinal has been chosen as the state bird by seven states, thereby passing the western meadowlark, which has been selected by only six. Actually, what makes the publication of this handsomely illustrated volume interesting and started people talking about it (particularly in Louisville) is the astonishing success story of the man who wrote and illustrated it.

Ray Harm is not primarily a writer; he is a painter of birds, and his book is entertaining largely because it reflects the delight he has found in that vocation. As an ornithological expert, Harm has no hesitancy about imparting familiar and even fairly obvious information. "Birds are most distinguishable . . . by their ability to fly," he writes, "and probably next noted for their ability to sing." But he enlivens his reflections with close personal observations and a habit of sharing with the reader his own sense of surprise at the wonder of nature. He tells us, for instance, that wood ducks, which nest in trees, fly so fast approaching their holes that one often expects to see them *come right out the other side* of the tree. There are pleasant reminiscences from his boyhood in the West Virginia mountains, where he was born in 1926. His principal asset is a homey, matter-of-fact delivery in place of the patronizing air that many outdoor lovers have come to expect from their guides. In a chapter about wild mushrooms, for instance, Harm frankly admits, "I rarely eat other than two species—both easily identified."

What is missing from the book is any discussion of the phenomenon of Ray Harm as an investment, but this is a story that belongs less in a book about nature than in a Wall Street prospectus. Three years ago you could pick up a Harm print of a Kentucky cardinal pair for $10. Now it'll cost you $400. Until early last year it was possible to buy a print of his painting of a bald eagle family for $35. Now a single print sells for $1,100. A *print* of another of Harm's paintings has sold for $2,500.

No educated ornithologist, horseplayer, art collector, or Dow-Jones market analyst could have anticipated it. The great John James Audubon, who was a lot more successful than most, made a bare living with his bird paintings, and the originals of his folio of *The Birds of America* were sold after his death for a little more than $20

continued



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The career camera

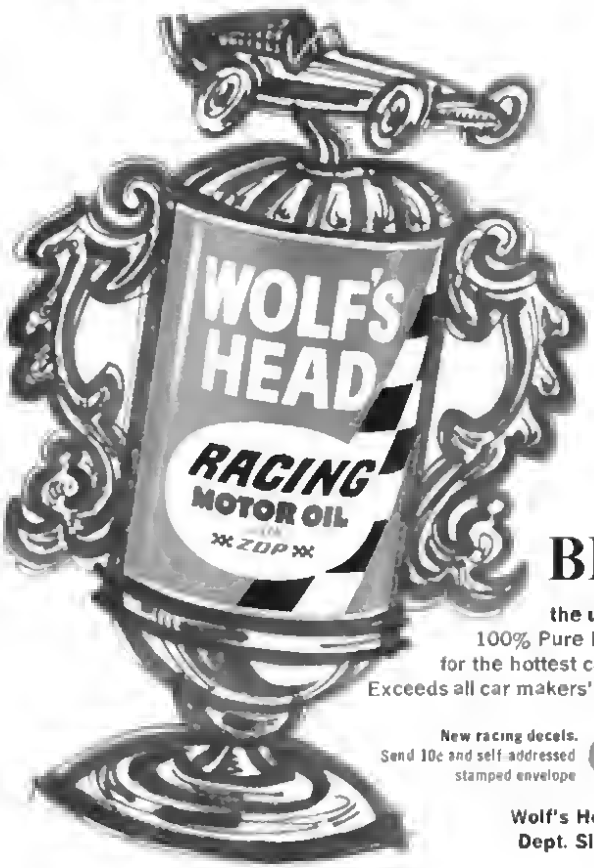
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per painting. What then makes Harm such a good bet? The answer may lie in a fortunate combination of audience, current concern and varied talents. In addition to being a painter of bold, colorful, Audubon-like bird pictures, Harm is a showman, a fiddler and singer of country music, a one-time circus rider with Ringling Brothers, a former cowboy, a rodeo performer, newspaper columnist, television personality and the most successful proselytizer in the annals of the Audubon Society. There were only 217 Audubon members in all Kentucky last year. Harm headed a membership drive, with the result that there are now 1,500 in Louisville alone.

Harm's father was a mountain man and a fiddler; his mother was also a musician of sorts. Compelled to take classical lessons on the violin as a child, Ray ran away from home at 13 when his parents were divorced. After that he worked in Omaha stockyards and on a ranch in Nebraska where a circus was wintering. There he learned to do trick riding, the three-horse spread, teeter-totter and dance steps. He also drew pictures of horses. He was appearing in Colonel Jim Eskew's rodeo in Rochester, N.Y. when he joined the Navy. After three years in the Pacific he tried to enroll in the Cleveland Institute of Art but was turned down because he had no high school education.

A friend got him a commission to paint a set of birds for Wood Hannah, a Louisville businessman. By then Harm's health was failing, and he was at the point of leaving for the West to try ranching when he stopped in Louisville to tell Hannah his paintings would be a little delayed. Like the Louisville businessmen who combined to sponsor Cassius Clay, Hannah and other admirers organized Ray Harm Wildlife Art, Inc. to produce prints of Ray's bird paintings. The prints sold for $10 and only a few were produced, after which the plates were destroyed. This accounted for the subsequent boom when Harm became locally famous, which he soon did. When he appeared on television in an hour-long nature ramble, *The Courier-Journal & Times Magazine* called his show "the finest, most artistic thing ever to come from a Louisville station."

In an age when "folk rock" and "country" are the most favored musical styles on the air, the success of a man who can approach nature in the same artless fashion may not be too surprising. Even as a naturalist, Harm is not ashamed to repeat, without too obvious tongue in cheek, the story of how his Uncle Oscar was chased by a snake which, when Oscar began to pull away, "grabbed its own tail in its mouth, pulled itself into a wobbly loop and rolled like a hoop after him."

—Robert Cantwell

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*Modal year as of March 1, 1968

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SHOPWALK

A former Olympian can slim your figure without flattening your purse as well

The small red-brick building at 3561 Farquhar Avenue in Los Alamitos on the southern outskirts of Los Angeles bears the inscription "Greta Andersen Swim and Health Club," but it is much more than that. Danish-born Greta, an Olympic two-medal winner back in 1948, teaches children as well as adults how to swim, but—far more important to most flabby women—she teaches them how to be beautiful again at bargain prices.

"American women," says Greta, "are in terrible shape." Like many European girls, she got her own shape early in life by walking to school, riding bicycles, beating up boys and swimming. "The human body is just not designed to sit," she says, shaking her head, "but that is what most American women do all day long—in the car, in front of television, at the bar, even in their automatic kitchens. They don't feel well because they don't get enough exercise.

"But," says Greta, who holds a degree from a physical-education school in Copenhagen, "the trouble with most health clubs is that they are too expensive. I wanted to attract those women who cannot afford to go to such places." A newspaper ad asking, "Do you want to shape up?" brought an immediate response, and, since last January, Greta and her longtime friend Betty Royer, a gym teacher who is still shapely at 53, have been remolding about 200 women per week. For $16 a month the pupils get two weekly exercise classes. During each visit they spend two 10-minute sessions in a Finnish sauna where the 180° heat is so dry that it does not spoil their hairdos. Exercise classes are conducted three times every morning, from Mondays through Fridays, and twice on four weekday nights. The pupils warm up on machines for 15 minutes before Greta or Betty start on them with a 45-minute workout. Yoga exercises are also offered.

Not all students get to look like Greta. Still strong and slim at 40, she is 5' 8½" and weighs 160 pounds, with short blonde hair and bright brown eyes. Her enthusiastic smile is contagious, and she is a fine example of the therapeutic value of conditioning.

Two months before the 1952 Olympics, Greta, then the best female freestyle swimmer in the world, had a knee operation and was told that she would never swim again. Four years later, though she had never before swum more than five miles at a time, she won the women's division of the 25-mile world championship swim off Atlantic City, N.J.

She won the Atlantic City race seven more times in a row. She conquered the English Channel five times. She is the first person who ever swam the distance between Catalina Island and Marineland on Palos Verdes round trip.

Greta stopped swimming professionally after her last crossing of the English Channel two years ago. She reached the French shore at 2 o'clock in the morning and then tried to swim back to England. But the weather had changed and a 22-foot tide forced her to abandon the try. Her new career offers Greta more rewards than just money. While she was still competing she had to keep her weight up to 190 pounds, because she usually lost about 25 pounds during each long swim. Now she can stay as slim as her customers.

—ANITA VERSCHOTH

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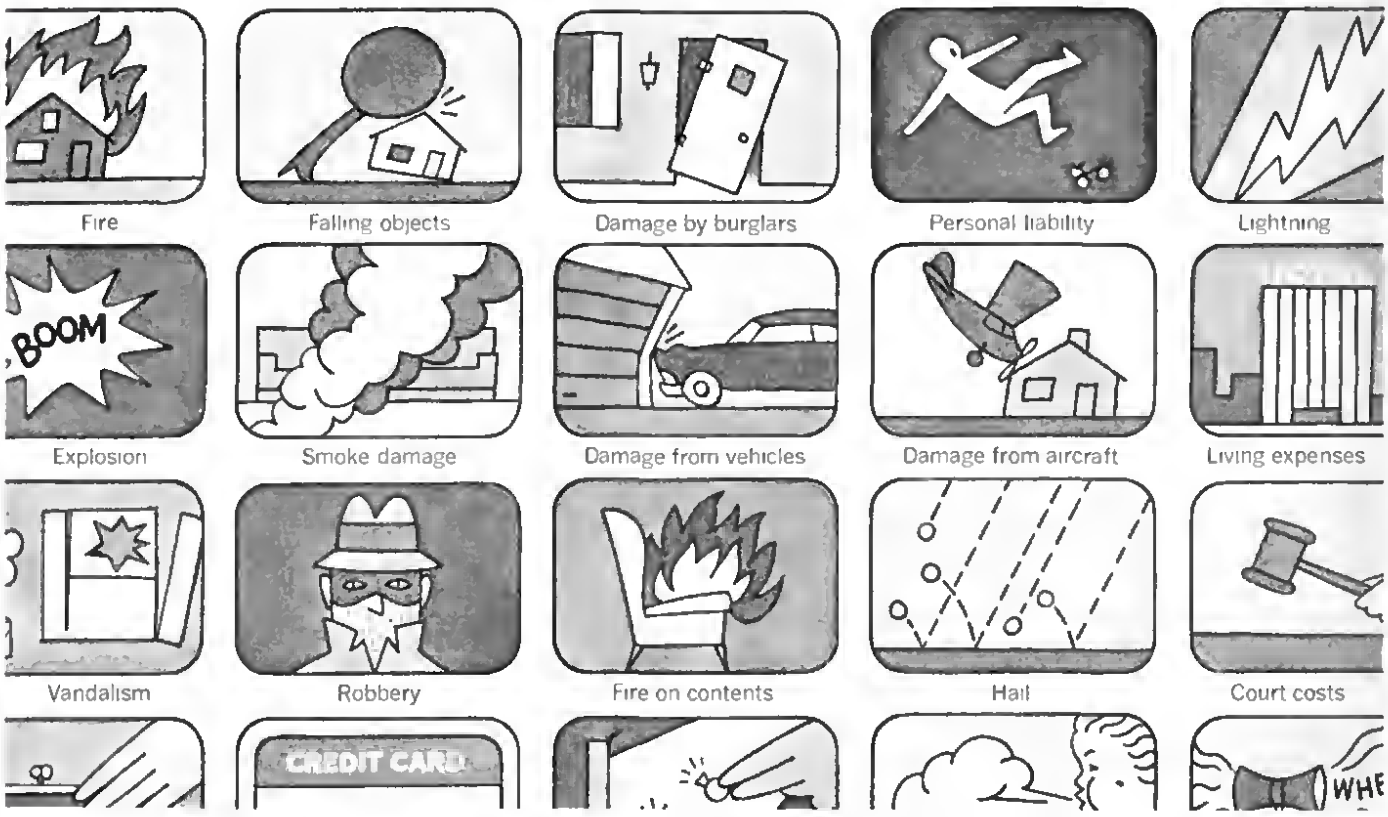
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THOMAS WOLFE

The promise of America is something most graduates of private schools understand. They have received the kind of education that enables individuals to take advantage of the right to live, to work and to make what they can of their talents and vision. But for many young boys and girls, America's promise is less meaningful without the education they need to meet their intellectual potential. Without help, they have little hope of ever seeing America keep its promise to them.

To help such youngsters prove themselves, the schools below are participating in a program designed to seek out capable students who are educationally motivated but who are faced with economic and social circumstances that threaten their development. The program is called A BETTER CHANCE—Independent Schools Talent Search. More than 900 students have been placed on a residential basis in these schools. More than 50 already have been graduated and all are enrolled in college with financial aid.

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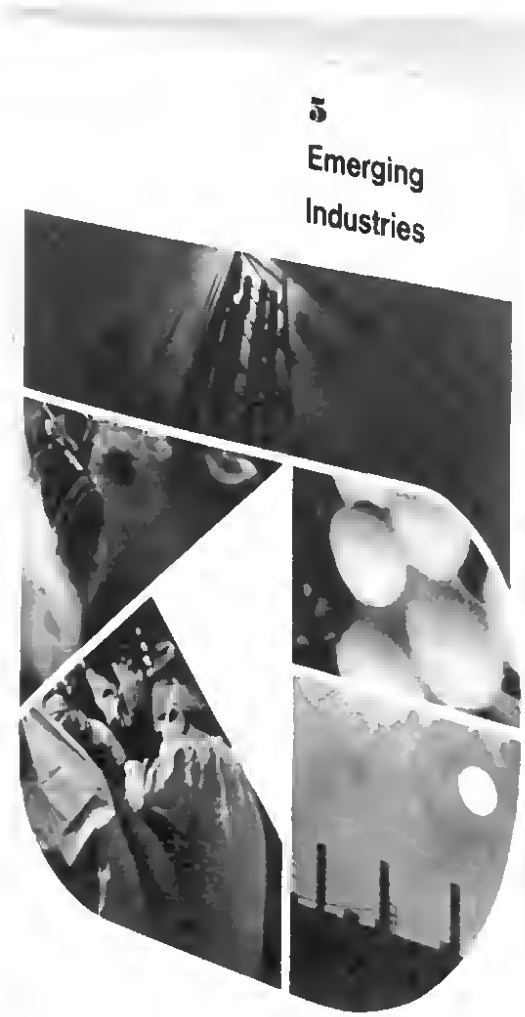


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SCORECARD

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

The cost of building and maintaining municipal stadiums has become increasingly exorbitant, and the misleading information being given taxpayers about construction financing can only cause anger and suspicion.

Eighteen months ago the citizens of Louisiana approved a constitutional amendment authorizing a hotel-motel tax to pay for a new $35-million stadium in New Orleans. The voters were assured that no other state taxes or backing would be needed to complete the project. It all sounded big league and glorious However, the ground has not yet been broken, and the estimated cost of the complex has already risen to $95 million, up $60 million.

The Louisiana legislature is now being asked to guarantee a $95-million bond issue to pay for the project. Since stadiums almost always lose money (events at St. Louis' Busch Memorial Stadium drew 3.1 million people last year, more than anywhere else in the U S , but the stadium lost $1.2 million), the state, in effect, is being asked to finance the New Orleans complex. If it agrees to back the necessary bond issue and pays what seems reasonable—5½% over 30 years—the bond payment due annually would be almost $7 million This would mean that over 30 years the cost of the stadium to the state would be approximately $200 million.

A similar, but less extreme, situation exists in Kansas City, Mo. Last June voters were asked to approve a $43-million bond issue to finance the building of twin football and baseball stadiums. They were shown a scale model of a complex that had a rollaway roof right out of science fiction. The bond issue passed, but now it seems there will be no roof The two stadiums—plus land, parking facilities and access roads—will cost more than $43 million. Putting on the roof would add an additional $8 to $10 million. Skeptics—or perhaps realists—are saying the city may find itself with only enough money for one stadium.

Because the feasibility studies on income were so grossly optimistic, the public in Anaheim, Calif. is having to shell out an additional half-million dollars a year to meet the debts falling due on the ball park.

The Washington stadium has lost $6 million in its seven years, forcing the District of Columbia government to appeal annually for advances from the Federal Government to meet the stadium's debts. The real rub will come in 1970 when the first of the $19.8 million worth of bonds must be retired. If losses continue, which seems inevitable, there will not be a cent available to meet the payments, and the stadium board probably will have to appeal to Congress for an outright grant of taxpayers' money.

None of which is doing sport any good New venues, new stadiums, new leagues are all wonderful things—but not when they leave the citizens of a community feeling gulled.

NO BARGAIN

There is a tradition in baseball that servicemen in uniform are allowed into most games free or at reduced rates But the Athletics' Charlie Finley says this is not his policy He has notified the many military installations in the Bay Area that servicemen must pay the full price if they wish to attend Oakland games. Since just 4,062 people paid to watch the A's the day following Catfish Hunter's perfect game, it would seem Mr. Finley had room.

DOPEY IDEA

Midpeninsula Free University near San Francisco was founded to add a new dimension to the education of students at colleges like Stanford and San Jose State. At the Free University anyone can be a teacher—you just advertise a course and get yourself a class. There is a seminar, for instance, in The Art of Giving Away Bread. There are courses to get rid of hang-ups, *i.e.*, the People Heat seminar and Advanced Group Loving And finally the school offers mystical courses, one of which is Zen Basketball. It is played like the regular game. The difference is all mental. While the game is in progress the participants must have a consciousness of spiritual discipline. "You do not play to win," Robb Crist, executive director of the school explains. "You play to get calm, to keep track of yourself, to keep your consciousness It's like taking acid." So far the school has played only intramural games.

A BLOT ON THE RECORD

Study the inkblot. Of the following, which is the best description: a bat, a storm cloud, an X ray, fire and smoke, a butterfly, a vertebra, a dirty mess, a coat of arms, a moth, a stomach?

This inkblot is typical of those that have been shown to sports car drivers by Dr. Rita Wetzel, a Kansas City psychologist, who has been studying the personality traits of race drivers. "An individual can often respond to direct



questions with some idea of the right answer," Dr. Wetzel explains, "but it is hard to manipulate an inkblot test."

More than 100 drivers, half of whom have competed at Sebring, were presented with three groups of 10 descriptive designations. In each group they were asked to check the designation that seemed to offer the best description of the inkblot. If a driver said it reminded him of an X ray, a vertebra or the stomach, this indicates, according to Dr. Wetzel, a high degree of anxiety. If he said it appeared to be a storm cloud, this indicates the man is daring. Choosing a

continued

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coat of arms as the best description would suggest the driver was self-assured. If he saw fire and smoke, this would suggest a lack of emotional control. If he saw the blot as a dirty mess, this might mean he has a death urge. Choosing descriptions such as a bat or a butterfly indicate conventionality. The man who saw nothing at all in the blot is supposedly socially insecure.

Drivers as a group, when compared with the general public, show a high degree of control over their emotions, a low degree of anxiety and a high tolerance of frustration. "The publicly held stereotype of the racing driver as an individual frequently unshaven and apt to be unconventional and defiant of society is wrong," Dr. Wetzel declares. "We have learned that he is more apt to be a rather dapper person who respects the rules of society and channels his aggressive tendencies into competition."

Or else he is a person who can second-guess an inkblot test.

ON THE MARK

A new kind of starting device has been developed that is giving runners as much as a two-tenths of a second advantage in the first 15 feet of a race and may have an effect on world records in short events. The new blocks—designed by Lloyd Kolker, a graduate student and assistant track coach at South Dakota State—are made of heavy steel and have a hand grip attached to them. They enable a sprinter to begin a race with his feet just behind the starting line and his head and part of his body over the line. "What makes the blocks so great," one member of the SD State team says, "is that you are already leaning forward and are nearly upright when you come out of the blocks. You avoid choppy steps at the start of a race. The first step is full length."

The blocks were barred by officials at the Kansas Relays, but later, at the Drake Relays, the SD State team was permitted to use them. The referee at the Drake meet said he could find nothing in the rules forbidding them.

HAVING HIS HEAD EXAMINED

A court in Britain suggested recently that a man have a brain operation to cure him of compulsive gambling. Eric Edward Wills, a 21-year-old ice cream salesman, was found guilty of stealing $64 from a gas meter and obtaining anoth-

continued

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er $96 on false pretenses in order to satisfy his betting urge. A psychiatrist testified that Mr. Wills had a psychopathic disorder that could be remedied by surgery. Wills had not responded to shock treatments, the doctor said, and a leucotomy was the last hope.

Wills and his parents consented to the operation, and, instead of sending Wills to prison, the judge committed him to Winwick Hospital in Warrington, Lancashire. However, neurosurgeons now appear reluctant to operate. "Most psychiatrists know very little about the state of mind of the compulsive gambler," one doctor explained. "Leucotomy tends to make the patient uninhibited. If he has an antisocial tendency like extreme gambling, it might possibly even be increased."

HELP WANTED

How much would it be worth to change Dan Gurney's tires in an actual race? A job as pitman for Gurney at the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen will be sold at a charity auction on May 21 at New York's Cheetah discothèque. The buyer is also promised an honorary membership in Dan's Eagle Club, a dark blue nylon racing jacket, a pair of Gurney's Grand Prix gloves and the loan of a Mercury for a week. The race is to be held early next October. If all that doesn't make him feel one of the crew, maybe the grease will.

WELL SCHOOLED

The Syracuse Nationals never had great talent, and their style of play was something born out of the school yards, the give-and-take Eastern style. But the club, which only managed to win one NBA title in 14 years, played smart, interesting ball and now, it seems, has produced more coaches than any other basketball team in history. Nine Nats have coached in the NBA—Al Cervi (San Francisco), Fuzzy Levane (St. Louis, New York), Red Rocha (Detroit), Fred Scolari (Baltimore), Dolph Schayes (Philadelphia), Johnny Kerr (Chicago, Phoenix), Larry Costello (Milwaukee), Al Bianchi (Seattle) and Alex Hannum (San Francisco, St. Louis, Philadelphia). And at least three others—Ed Conlin, Bob Harrison and George King—are coaching college teams.

The man responsible for the extraordinary success of Nats as coaches is Danny Biasone, who owned the club and served as a self-appointed assistant coach. "We would sit for hours," Hannum reminisced last week, "discussing why a certain play or a certain shot didn't work, and Danny would come up with percentage figures that he kept in some recess of his mind. We often rode trains in those days, and Danny would ask the guys to come into the dining car for a cup of coffee. He liked it because the tables were for four and he could get three players around him. We destroyed a lot of railroad tablecloths and kept a lot of dining-car stewards overtime."

Biasone is still living in Syracuse. He has had eye trouble recently, but he keeps track of his old players. "I'm tickled to see so many of my boys get jobs," he says. "I can sit back and say, 'O.K., boys, now you're on your own.' "

RUN DOWN

To that list of sporting maladies—tennis elbow, surfer's knobs, football knees—you now can add baseball feet. The senior team physician for the Houston Astros, Dr. Joe King, told a recent meeting of the Texas Orthopedic Association that a study he had made of the feet of 50 players in the Houston organization showed that 47 of them had some kind of bone abnormality. In only one case did these abnormalities cause pain, Dr. King said. There was no evidence that the abnormalities—37 men had them in both feet—interfered with performance. Most often, Dr. King said, the ballplayers had developed bony bumps on the ankle joint. A number of players also had small spurs or loose bits of bone in their feet.

The abnormalities increase as the baseball player grows older. Dr. King says, "This could be why he slows down and cannot perform at 35 the same way he did at 22."

Well, that may be one reason why.

THEY SAID IT

• Jack Nicklaus on why he has turned down an invitation to this week's Colonial National tournament: "Colonial is not my kind of course. I have to lay up too often."

• Jim Finks, Minnesota general manager, on the self-confidence of Mike Freeman, the Vikings' 169-pound rookie defensive back. "Before he signed he insisted on extra pay in case he made All-Pro his first year." **END**

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THE KID AND I

He pushes the nickels
out first.
He counts them bravely.
Boldly.
Then he counts the pennies
not so bravely
not so boldly.

How much did you say
the glove costs?
I tell him again softly.
And again he counts
but more slowly this time
as if the delay would cause
the pennies to multiply
themselves.

Between pennies I ask:
Game tomorrow?
He answers: Yeah.
You playing?
Yeah.
Can't catch them barehanded.
Nope.

He digs the last
laggard pennies out
of his pocket
and adds them to the pile.
How much did you say the
glove costs?
He looks at the glove
then at the pile of coins
on the counter
and then
sideways
at me.

How much have you got?
He names the amount to
the penny.
And I reply: that's it
to the penny.
Including tax?
Including tax.

He puts the glove on his left hand
and walks toward the door.
If you think about it
I say
let me know how the game
comes out.

Sure—but how come?
You might say I have an invested
interest in the contest
I answer.
Huh?
Oh nothing. Lots of luck.

It happens every day.
Or almost.
A boy walks in with a sackful
of nickels and pennies
and tells you he wants—
No, not that glove!
The one next to it!
Yeah, that's it!

It's funny
how hope
can mix up a simple problem
in arithmetic.

But I can remember back
to the time
—to years before I became
a sporting goods dealer—
I can remember back to the time
my arithmetic was bad too.

I remember—
and remembering
I don't have to remind myself
there are more ways
to make a profit
in my business
than most.

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BUT THE
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Sports Illustrated
MAY 20, 1968

IT WAS A BITTER PILL

Tha pill was a drug called Butazolidin, and tests revealed it had been givan to the winner of tha Kentucky Derby. Disqualification followad, but that was only the beginning of racing's wildast controvarsy **by WHITNEY TOWER**

At 7:30 on the evening of Saturday, May 4, Churchill Downs President Wathen Knebelkamp and about 100 guests were still celebrating, and rehashing, another successful Kentucky Derby in the track's private dining room. Champagne corks continued to pop as Peter and Joan Fuller slowly made their way to the door—having been duly toasted, photographed, backslapped and otherwise congratulated on the victory of their colt, Dancer's Image, in the most celebrated horse race in the world. Knebelkamp, at the weary end of months of effort to make the Derby a splendid spectacle and a truly run race, responded to one more laudatory comment. "Man, I'm telling you," he said with a sigh, "when the 'official' sign goes up, *I* am one happy fella!"

About the same time that Knebelkamp made his remark at the winner's party, activity of another kind at Churchill Downs was putting his feelings of relief in considerable jeopardy. Almost directly across from the track's finish line there are special stables known as the detention barn. Adjacent to these and protected by a high wire fence is a blue-and-white trailer, the property of the Kentucky State Racing Commission, in which postrace tests are conducted to determine whether illegal drugs are present in the saliva or urine of winners and other selected horses that have raced each day. The tests are complicated; the Kentucky commission, their laboratory chemists and attending veterinarians who conduct the tests as a matter of routine believe them to be as accurate as possible.

Immediately following a race the horse to be tested is led by his own groom to the detention barn where a saliva specimen is taken. He remains there until the assistant veterinarians, who are commission employees, also obtain a bottle of urine. This may take anywhere from a few minutes to more than two hours. Each specimen is labeled and numbered —a white tag with a number, followed by the letter S for the saliva samples, and a yellow tag with a number and the letter U for the bottles of urine. The labels are actually double tags. One half, with the horse's name and number on it, goes to the office of the track's three officiating stewards. The other half, with only the number on it, remains with the specimen. When the stewards receive all the tags representing specimens from the horses tested on any racing day, they put the whole batch in a small brown envelope which is then sealed, stamped across the fold in three places with red wax and locked up, generally overnight.



After a pill is placed in the end of the belling gun, it is ejected into the horse's throat.

Meanwhile, back at the trailer, lab technicians have taken each specimen, tested it in several chemical processes that take roughly three hours and then marked each tag with a notice that reads "negative"—or, very occasionally, "positive." Inasmuch as these tags have nothing but serial numbers on them, the chemists in the trailer are not aware of the names of the horses whose specimens they are testing. It is the practice

continued

Hendsome, populer Dr. Alex Herthill conceded he had administered the pill to Dancer's Image but insisted it was six days before the race.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

in Kentucky, as in most states where parimutuel betting is legalized, to test the winner of every race and also, at the discretion of the stewards, one or more of the also-rans. Mostly, the stewards and technicians are concerned with such illegal drugs as morphine, heroin, cocaine, strychnine, caffeine, codeine and derivatives that are known to act as stimulants or depressants and can drastically affect a horse's racing form.

When the testing is finished, often late at night, the lab crew reports its findings to the chief chemist, who makes up a written report that is delivered to the stewards on the morning of the next racing day. In the event that a "positive" has turned up in one of the tests, the tag from that specimen is placed beside the sealed brown envelope, which has been removed from its place of safekeeping. The envelope is then opened, in the presence of all three stewards, one of whom represents the racing commission, the other two track management. The state steward takes the "positive" numbered tag given to him by the chemists and matches its serial number with its counterpart from the brown envelope. Only then does anyone discover which horse carried traces of an illegal drug on the previous race day.

On May 4th—the day of the 94th Derby—the stewards at Churchill Downs, for reasons known only to themselves, ordered tests on only 10 horses: the winner of each of the nine races on the card, plus one additional horse from the Derby field drawn by lot. This last happened to be Kentucky Sherry, a 15-to-1 "field" entry who ran the fastest first six furlongs in Derby history (1:09 4/5) before dropping back to finish fifth. Immediately following his appearance in the winner's circle, and while his happy owner and friends were wending their way to Knebelkamp's party, Dancer's Image was led back around the track to the detention barn. There, after a saliva specimen was taken (it proved to be negative), he was walked around to "cool out" for half an hour. Then, under the direction of Assistant Veterinarian George Dickinson, an attempt was made to get a urine specimen. After half an hour of no success, Dickinson turned the job over to colleague Sidney Turner. A little past 7—roughly an hour and a half after Dancer's Image reached the detention barn—the specimen was obtained. During the long wait Robert Barnard, assistant to Trainer Lou Cavalaris, stood patiently by, never, according to Turner, "taking his eyes off me. He watched me the whole time I was with the horse."

The tagged bottle of the horse's urine was turned over for testing to the trailer's technician, Jimmy Chinn. For all he knew, the specimen with tag 3956 U on it came from an also-ran in the fourth race or the winner of the eighth (which had a post time of 5:42 p.m.). What Chinn did know at about 7:30 was that the liquid being tested from bottle 3956 U was changing from its natural color. He knew that he was looking at a "positive" from Churchill Downs on the day of the Kentucky Derby.

Completing his tests, Chinn reported his findings to his boss, Kenneth Smith. Smith has a master's degree in chemistry from the University of Louisville, is a member of the Association of Official Racing Chemists and the longtime owner and president of Louisville Testing Laboratory, Inc., which is under contract to do the testing for the Kentucky State Racing Commission.

Smith's normal procedure, after receiving Jimmy Chinn's report, would be to prepare a written report to be given to the stewards on the following morning. In the event that a "positive" came up on a Saturday, the report would not be delivered until Monday morning. This time Smith felt he had news that couldn't wait.

The three Churchill Downs stewards, tired by their longest day's work of the year, had dispersed after the ninth race and gone home. All three are regarded by horsemen as extremely efficient and of the highest integrity. Lewis Finley Jr. is the steward representing the commission, and Leo O'Donnell and John G. Goode are the two appointed by the track. At about 11:30 on Derby night, with most parties in Louisville just getting up a decent head of steam, Lewis Finley Jr. was thinking of going to bed when his telephone rang. It was Kenneth Smith of Louisville Testing Laboratory, Inc. "We've got a 'positive' on Saturday's card," he said.

Stewards the world over are accus-

Two days after the race the tag with the name Dancer's Image was matched to the one on the specimen found "positive" in the trailer laboratory





tomed to odd-hour phone calls dealing with any of hundreds of racetrack problems. As Smith's words echoed in the receiver at his ear, Finley was faced with deciding among three alternatives. He could try to find his fellow stewards and ask them to join him and Smith at the track to open the brown envelope right away. He could telephone them and suggest they all meet for the same purpose Sunday morning. Or, finally, he could treat Derby night as just another Saturday night and let the matter await routine attention Monday morning. Finley made up his mind and told Smith, "Submit your report Monday morning, the same as always. Good night."

Lewis Finley Jr. went to sleep and so, hours later, did the rest of Louisville's citizenry and their exhausted partygoing guests. It had been a good Derby.

On Monday morning, their early track chores completed, Finley, O'Donnell and Goode finally got around to that matter of opening the brown envelope at around 11 o'clock. There is no official record of exactly what words Lewis Finley uttered when he matched up the two halves of tag 3956 U, and it's probably just as well. "I don't think I could ever repeat it," he said, recalling the incident three days later. "I guess it was pretty rough." But the rough part was still to come. When Knebelkamp was just going to lunch in the track cafeteria when the stewards caught up with him. They told him that Dancer's Image had come up "positive" and would have to be disqualified and placed last, making Calumet Farm's Forward Pass the official Derby winner.

From that moment confusion took charge. Much of it might have been avoided had the news been broken right then, or even earlier. But the Churchill Downs stewards proceeded strictly by the book. Since a horse's trainer is held responsible for his well-being at all times, it is the trainer who first must be notified when the track discovers something amiss. The trouble was that Cavalaris, a busy man, was not easy to locate. Paging him throughout the track and stable area and in Louisville proved fruitless. It was not until that evening that he was found at home in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough with his wife Helen and their two sons. A Churchill Downs official told him the news over the telephone and asked him to return to Louisville immediately. Cavalaris says,

Steward Lewis Finley Jr. was in no hurry to find out which Derby-day horse was drugged

"The words staggered me. I was spellbound. I just stood there. I've been in this game 21 years and I've never done anything wrong yet. I'm innocent, and so are my men. They love Dancer's Image, just as I do."

It wasn't until midday Tuesday, about 67 hours after Dancer's Image had "won" his Derby and 63 hours after specimen 3956 U began to change color, that the rest of the world was let in on the year's major sports story. And for the next three days rumors flew, tempers occasionally flared and some things were said that later were retracted or at least regretted. The first error was committed by the stewards, who issued a statement on a memo pad that had as its letterhead, "Steward's Ruling." When Knebelkamp called a press conference on Tuesday afternoon he announced the news as an official ruling. The stewards then had to admit it was not. A ruling only becomes official following a hearing, which was not to be held until the following Monday. "We only issued a statement," said Finley, trying to clear up the confusion, "and some have misinterpreted this as a ruling." There was no doubt, however, that such a ruling was soon to come, for rule 14.06 of the Rules of Racing and the Kentucky State Racing Act plainly states that horses who come up "positive" shall not participate in the purse distribution. "To put it bluntly," says Knebelkamp, "rule 14.06 is as plain as a goat's ass going uphill. All you have to do is look at it."

Peter Fuller, meanwhile, was acting a little like an overtrained fighter, straining to throw his Sunday punch but not quite sure where to throw it. He tossed a first jab at Knebelkamp when he claimed that the security at Churchill Downs was not all it might have been during Derby week. He said he had found one of the day guards asleep on duty. (A few nights later, before Dancer's Image had shipped out to Pimlico to prepare for this week's Preakness, Louisville *Courier-Journal* Reporters Billy Reed and Jim Bolus tested the security and also discovered a 72-year-old watchman asleep at his post.) "I don't want to poke holes in racing," said Fuller, "but this sort of security is enough to make a cat laugh."



Fuller had other reasons to be irritated and wary. While many people now recognize and greet him enthusiastically on the street and elsewhere, there is another not-so-pleasant side to being racing's newest personality. He has received countless abusive letters, some obviously from cranks. There have been insinuations that his colt was "got at" because Kentuckians do not want Maryland-breds to win their Derby. Some have made it plain that they were not in sympathy with Fuller's gesture when he turned over his winning purse of $62,000 to Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. after the April 6th Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie. One telegram, signed with a fictitious name, read, SUGGEST YOU GIVE THE DERBY PURSE TO EITHER RAP BROWN OR STOKELY CARMICHAEL.

Fuller has also received hundreds of wires and calls of congratulations—and then sympathy—from some of the more important people in racing. He had two from Calumet Farm's Lucille Markey. But, as Mrs. Markey herself pointed out, "The horse couldn't have done it by himself." Then who did?

Dancer's Image was discovered to have retained traces of a drug known as

continued

phenylbutazone, commonly known as Butazolidin (or just plain "Bute" in the lingo of horsemen), in his system. Considered neither a stimulant nor a depressant, Butazolidin is classified as an analgesic, a painkiller very effective in alleviating inflammation of joints. Humans take it much as they take cortisone. Racehorses have been taking it for years, and, in fact, it is perfectly legal for a horse to be treated with Butazolidin when he is merely in training and recuperating from an ailment. By the early '60s most states had banned Butazolidin for horses about to race, largely on the ground that, as a temporary reliever of soreness and unsoundness, it must have *some* effect on a horse's running form. In other words, using it or withdrawing it could result in a horse running "hot" or "cold."

Differences of opinion persist, however. Many horsemen are in favor of using Butazolidin in order to get every bit of run out of their horses. Many veterinarians favor it, too, because it brings them more business. One of them once said, "If we scratched all the sore horses going to the post there would be no racing at all. Easily 75% of all horses running today have something wrong with them. The other 25% are perfectly sound but have one drawback as racers—they can't run fast." In 1960 Calumet Farm's Jimmy Jones told SPORTS ILLUSTRATED he was against Butazolidin for several reasons. "First, no matter what you call a medication, in the public mind it's dope. Well, it has taken horse racing a long time to build up the public's confidence, and it shouldn't do anything to lose that confidence. The second reason is that Butazolidin is going to encourage many trainers to run horses which are definitely hurting and should be laid up for repairs instead of running. Maybe I'm just old-fashioned and maybe I'm wrong, but I believe that if horses can't run good enough on oats and hay then they shouldn't be running at all."

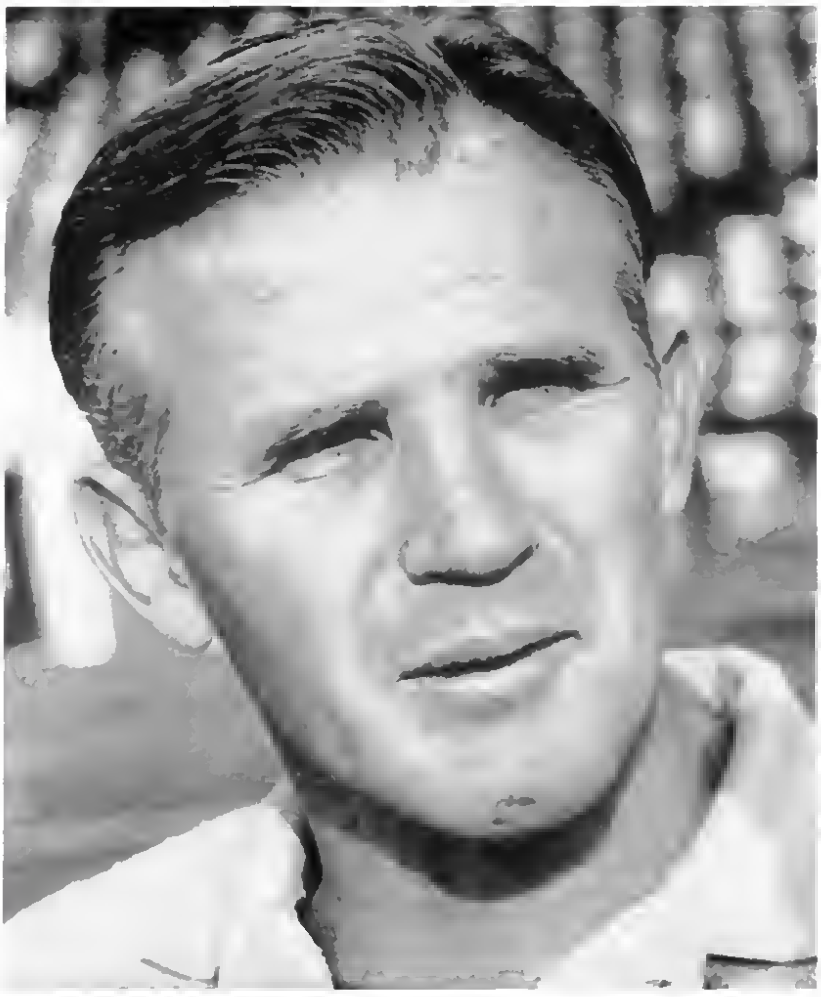
Before Dancer's Image won the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 20 he had been treated by New York Veterinarian Mark (Mike) Gerard. Despite his tricky right front ankle, the colt had never been given Butazolidin. Following his Wood victory, Fuller gave Cavalaris the green light to make the trip to Churchill Downs. Fuller then called a number of friends in Kentucky for advice on the choice of a local veterinarian for Dancer's Image. The overwhelming consensus among knowledgeable horsemen, he recalls, was, "Dr. Alex Harthill is a wizard. Derby winners come out of his barn."

"That was good enough for me," says Fuller, and on the night of Thursday, April 25th, Dancer's Image, accompanied by Groom Russell Parchen, arrived at Stall 7 of Churchill Downs' Barn 24, known everywhere on the grounds as Harthill's barn. At 43, Dr. Alex Harthill has been a practicing veterinarian for 20 years. He is tall and slender, has an athletic build, is an easy and willing conversationalist and is always very busy. If you met him in the cardroom of the *Queen Elizabeth*, Dr. Harthill would not strike you as an easy mark for a game of gin. He counts most of the leading trainers in Kentucky and Chicago as his friends, and during Derby week, when not busy at Barn 24 or at the barns housing other Derby contenders, Dr. Harthill can often be found entertaining such visiting dignitaries as Eddie Arcaro and Bill Shoemaker.

Dr. Harthill is also no stranger to trouble in racing. In August 1954, after Mister Black, owned by the Hasty House Farm of Mr. and Mrs. Allie Reuben, had won the Grassland Handicap at Chicago's Washington Park, tests showed the presence of the drug amphetamine. Dr. Harthill admitted he had made a mistake in not reporting to track officials that he had administered the drug. He took the matter to court, which revoked his 60-day suspension, and he was granted a license when he applied three years later. The following March he was arrested in New Orleans on charges of bribery of a public official and stimulation of horses at the Fair Grounds track. The case was heard a year later, and Dr. Harthill was cleared of both bribery and doping charges. In the late '50s he settled out of court with the Federal Government when the Internal Revenue Service went after him for $38,157 he allegedly owed in back taxes.

When Dancer's Image arrived to become Dr. Harthill's star patient for the 94th Derby, his instructions from Fuller were to take orders from Lou Cavalaris or, through him, from Assistant Trainer Bob Barnard or Groom Russell Parchen. Cavalaris' first orders were to

Says Pete Fuller, "I'm not going to run Dancer's Image until Cavalaris can train him again."



follow the same medication program used by Dr Gerard before the running of the Wood Memorial. These instructions, according to Dr Harthill, were followed.

"On Sunday morning, April 28 [as Dr. Harthill noted in an official statement made on Tuesday, May 7 to Alvin Schem, director of security at Churchill Downs], Mr Cavalaris and I inspected the right fore ankle of Dancer's Image We agreed the horse, obviously, had slightly sprained the ankle while at exercise on Saturday and that he should receive four (4) grams of Phenylbutazone. I administered it This was approximately one-hundred fifty-two (152) hours before the running of the Derby It is my professional opinion, and I believe the consensus of the veterinary profession, that a normal dose (as was four grams in this case) of Phenylbutazone will be completely expelled by a horse's system within a maximum of seventy-two (72) hours after administration." The day after Dr. Harthill made this statement to Security Chief Schem, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* quoted him as saying flatly to Staff Writer Gail Evans, "No such drugs were administered by me "

In talking to me on May 9, Dr Harthill described administering the Butazolidin pill, which looks like two enlarged Chiclets fastened end to end. "You take a balling gun, which looks like a large syringe, anoint the pill, which is about an inch and a half long by half an inch wide, with mineral oil and put it in the end of the gun. Then you put it in the horse's mouth and eject it "

Dr. Harthill's official statement continued, "On Monday morning, April 29, Dancer's Image had developed a case of loose bowels and a bellyache At that time it was not known if the Phenylbutazone or the fresh rye straw or grass he might have eaten caused this ailment Mr. Cavalaris and I agreed the horse should have no more grass, no more Phenylbutazone, and that all the new rye straw should be removed from the horse's stall and replaced with wheat straw. These changes were made and observed The horse's system returned to normal immediately "

If traces of Butazolidin were found in Dancer's Image's urine 152 hours after what Dr Harthill claims was the first, last and only treatment he gave the colt, then Dancer's Image is a very extraordinary animal. Either that, or he was "got at," as Fuller suggests. "I never heard of a horse retaining any trace of this for more than 72 hours," says Dr Harthill, "and, just to make sure, I never administer it within four days of a race I take the extra day to play it safe." Dr Gene M Bierhaus, for 17 years a veterinarian for the Colorado Racing Commission—a state where Butazolidin is still legal for horse racing—says 70% of horses eliminate the drug within 30 hours and that the longest retention he is aware of is 78 hours.

Last weekend Fuller and Cavalaris were preparing for Monday's hearing at Churchill Downs. Fuller had retained Louisville Attorney Arthur W Grafton and Horseman-Lawyer Edward S (Ned) Bonnie Evidence was to be submitted by all parties, as well as by representatives of racing's Thoroughbred Protective Agency, the track police and, possibly, the FBI. "We are taking nothing for granted," said Ned Bonnie. "We don't assume that the test was right or wrong, but one of the purposes of the hearing is to determine if the opinion of the state chemists is enough to justify the verdict."

Fuller, visiting Dancer's Image at Pimlico last Friday, was more frustrated than ever. "I'm expecting the worst. At the hearing the stewards will probably say that Lou Cavalaris was a bad boy and must be suspended. I feel responsible Lou shouldn't have to vindicate himself, but if he gets suspended I'm going to stick by my word and not run Dancer's Image until Lou can train him again "

At Pimlico's Barn EE Lou Cavalaris was busy wrapping his colt's ankles in cold-water bandages. When he stood up he put on a brave smile and said, "All I want are the facts If the stewards see fit to give me days, because the trainer is responsible for his horse, they are doing their job But it shouldn't have anything to do with whether Dancer's Image runs in the Preakness or not."

As the hearing progressed, it appeared Fuller was coming around to his trainer's view that Dancer's Image should run in the Preakness, regardless of the stewards' decision. There was also strong indication that Peter Fuller was becoming disenchanted with his "wizard" veterinarian. **END**

Says Lou Cavalaris "Peter's gesture is very nice . but if the horse is fit he should run "



TURBINES AND TRAUMA AT INDY

The provocative new STP-Lotuses displayed notable speed as the 500 practice pace quickened at the Speedway, but then in days of agony a turbine driver died, one turbine team quit and the Lotuses were threatened **by BOB OTTUM**

As the cry of the lonely turbocar faded away at the Indianapolis 500 last year—eight miles from winning—it was clear that turbines would be big news at Indy in 1968. No one could have predicted, however, just how explosive the Indy season actually would be. In swift succession last week the turbine news ranged from gorgeous to tragic to astonishing to conspiratorial:

1) During the many practice sessions that always precede the big race itself, British Drivers Graham Hill and Mike Spence easily outsped all the piston cars in their new STP-Lotus turbines.

2) Spence subsequently crashed and died.

3) Two hours after Spence's death, a pair of opposition turbines entered by Carroll Shelby, which had received lavish advance billing, were withdrawn from the 500.

4) Chief Steward Harlan Fengler hit STP's Andy Granatelli (SI, May 13) with a technical ruling that could knock *his* turbines out, leaving none at all.

There were more stark items on the list, there certainly will be more before the race. However, old Indy already was more shaken than it has been in years, and the air was crackling with unanswered questions.

But of the merits of the STP-Lotus turbocars there seemed to be no question at all. Hill, a former Grand Prix world champion and the 1966 Indy winner, quickly reached a lap speed of 169.045 mph, which was 2.563 mph faster than the best 1967 qualifying lap for Parnelli Jones's now-famous Car 40, and was accomplished under the new turbine restriction limiting the critical air-inlet area. Spence, another road-racing Briton but a newcomer to Indy, was, surprisingly, even faster. His best lap of 169.555 was second only to Mario Andretti's 1967 record of 169.779 among all laps ever officially timed at the Speedway.

So impressive were these performances that Rodger Ward, twice an Indy winner but never a turbine booster, declared on a local TV show: "The Lotus is a fantastic machine. I don't see how it will have any competition in this year's race." In the opinion of the U.S. Auto Club's chief technical inspector, S. A. Silbermann, the Lotuses were "superb pieces of engineering."

Spence had tackled Indy so aggressively that he had trouble, he said, not breaking the speed limits set for his rookie tests. But his cornering was unconventional, and this was a subject of concern to USAC officials. Harlan Fengler, for example, had warned him not to cut the corners as low as he had been taking them.

Last Tuesday, Spence rocketed away to his fastest lap and Hill to his, and between them they set some Indy records: fastest speeds of the year, fastest rookie, fastest turbocars. It was also Indy's first day ever on which two cars had topped 169 mph.

After the death of Lotus Team Leader Jimmy Clark in Germany, the 31-year-old Spence had been signed as a backup man. He had tested the new Lotuses in England for 200 miles, but had no guarantee of a ride. No guarantee, that is, until more trouble befell Granatelli, an old acquaintance of disaster. Parnelli Jones quit him; Driver Greg Weld was unimpressive at the Speedway and Driver Jackie Stewart appeared with his arm in a sling, temporarily unable to practice. So Lotus Builder Colin Chapman put Mike on the official team. Then Weld asked Spence if he would try out his car, shake it down, and Spence agreed.

At 5:12 o'clock Tuesday afternoon 48 minutes before the track was to close, Spence whistled into Turn One—not low this time but very high. His front wheels crimped hard right to counteract a high-speed skid, Spence slammed into the wall. The car was hammered into junk. Both right wheels were sheared off and Spence's helmet skittered back along the track, its chin strap still fastened. Chapman, hiding his face in his hands, went along to the hospital. At 9:45 p.m. Spence was dead.

A USAC observer, Walt Myers, had watched the Spence car come into the corner at an estimated 147 mph, a speed 6 mph slower than the near-record pace for the turn that Mike had recorded on his fastest lap in his own car. The car was much too high on the outer rim for safety, Myers said. In an automatic racing reflex Myers flicked on the track's yellow caution lights even before the turbocar struck the wall.

Another witness, Firestone's Jim Maguire, said, "He had been coming in high, but this time he was higher than ever, and I saw dust flying. The car must have skidded 150 yards. I saw Spence trying to lock the front wheels, like he was trying to get it back. . . I saw a flash of fire and then the [right front] wheel flew over the car. I turned away, but I didn't think much about it, really. I've seen other guys hit much harder and walk away."

After the accident USAC impounded all the STP cars for inspection and found no defects in any of them, including the one that crashed. Indianapolis, having gone to bed to the Spence tragedy, awakened the next day to the Shelby resignation. Bill Doner, Shelby's public-relations man, had called Indianapolis wire services and sports editors at 11:45 p.m. to read a statement that was barely in time to make the morning *Star*. The statement itself stirred things anew.

"After complete and intensive testing," the *Star* quoted Shelby, "I feel at the present time it is impossible to make a turbine-powered car competitive with a reasonable degree of safety. Therefore, I am withdrawing the Shelby Racing Co. turbines from the 1968 race."

STP sponsor Andy Granatelli was enraged, and a good many other race regulars were upset by the implication that no turbines were safe—an implication made stronger in that it followed so hard upon Spence's death.

Among those distressed by the withdrawal statement were officials of Goodyear, the world's largest tire company, a heavy investor in racing and the major financial backer of the withdrawn cars. "It was badly worded," said one Goodyear spokesman, "and I'm sure Shelby did not mean it to sound the way it did. He's got too much to lose to do anything that might reflect poorly on anybody else in racing. But nothing was going right, and I think it's understandable he didn't want to put anybody in a car he felt wasn't safe."

It is beyond dispute that the Shelby turbines were not running well, despite the fact that Designer Ken Wallis—who had gone over to Shelby from Granatelli—when asked if he was aiming for the pole position, had said, "That's why we're here. I think it will take a good 170 to get it. That's what we're shooting for."

Two big-name Grand Prix drivers, World Champion Denis Hulme and Bruce McLaren, were to race the Shelby cars. Right from the start in practice at the Speedway, however, the drivers encountered brake and handling problems, and McLaren confided to friends that the ride in his car "was the scariest of my life."

In the Granatelli camp Chapman also had had enough. On Wednesday he left a poignant note on the blackboard of the Speedway press room. "I am filled with grief," it said, "at the loss of my longtime friend and associate, Jimmy Clark, and the additional loss, just a month later to the day, of Mike Spence. As an understandable result I want nothing to do with the 1968 Indianapolis race. I just don't have the heart for it. I want to thank my good friend Andy Granatelli for taking over in my stead and allowing me to carry out my decision. As an entrant and owner of these cars, Andy will have an added burden and responsibility since things must go on. I appreciate his action."



Wreckage of Mike Spence's STP-Lotus is examined by embattled owner Andy Granatelli (left)

The key words were—as they always are at Indy—*things must go on.* But Granatelli's troubles had by no means ended.

For one thing, the turbine cars, in their year of new promise, needed top drivers. There were not enough good, uncontracted ones left to go around. The STP hopes were down to Hill, whose ability clearly had been proved, and Jackie Stewart, who had yet to practice. But then Granatelli's supply of racers was dwindling, too. On Sunday, Driver Joe Leonard jumped into Car 40, which had been fitted with a new, restricted engine, and crashed it in that unhappy first turn. Leonard emerged O.K., but of Andy's five cars only three remained.

And as the week closed Fengler exploded his bomb, notifying Granatelli by letter that the metal of the suspension arms on the new turbocars did not correspond to the letter of the specifications in USAC's rule book. But, Granatelli protested, Chapman had designed them with better metal than the rule book called for. No matter, said Fengler. Better would not do, he said, in effect. They would have to be changed to meet the very letter of the book. It would take too long, said Granatelli, special equipment would have to be shipped from Chapman's plant in England. Could he first qualify the cars, then change the arms? Yes, he could. He could qualify, said Fengler, but until the specs were met the cars could not race.

The USAC technical committee is made up of car owners and mechanics. Nonturbine car owners and mechanics. The Granatellis had no recourse, they accepted the edict and set to work around the clock in their garage.

The turbines would (would not) be ready for qualifying this weekend. The turbines will (will not) race in this year's Indy 500. Check two. **END**

LAST BASTION OF ELEGANCE



Charles Blair Macdonald of National

On the South Shore of Long Island three old and conservative golf clubs—Shinnecock Hills, the National Golf Links of America and the Maidstone Club—fight to save traditions of the game long since abandoned in many areas

BY ALFRED WRIGHT

At last count there were quite a number of golf capitals of the world—resorts where the local golf courses are a major tourist attraction and are rather too enthusiastically praised. A few in this country, notably the sandhill country around Pinehurst, N.C. and the rugged coastline of the Monterey Peninsula in California, offer the kind of golf that is almost worthy of so formidable a title. So does a small stretch along the south fork of eastern Long Island, although it is scarcely known beyond earshot for anything except its potatoes and summer visitors and homegrown Carl Yastrzemski. Nonetheless, it nurtures three superb old golf courses—the kind, as the saying goes, that they don't make anymore.

Old fashioned is probably the best word for describing the common characteristics of golf at the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, the National Golf Links of America and the Maidstone Club. With their turbulent fairways, their clumpy margins of rough, their acres of sandy hazard and their stiff breezes off the Atlantic, the three courses have a strong affinity with the great seaside links of Scotland and England. The clubs themselves are old-fashioned, too, and not just because they still try to operate in the quietly private and unostentatious manner of the genteel era that bred them. Most of their members shun the kind of public attention that is courted by more recent enclaves of privilege. Only four times have these courses entertained a national or international event. The USGA amateur and open championships of 1896 were held at Shinnecock Hills, the 1922 Walker Cup matches at the National and last year's USGA Seniors Championship at Shinnecock Hills.

Despite their conservatism and their proximity to one another—Shinnecock Hills and the National are contiguous to the outskirts of Southampton Township, while Maidstone is some 12 miles down the Montauk Highway at East Hampton—these three clubs differ greatly. Shinnecock, which has the oldest course, provides golf only from May through October, and its members are mostly summer visitors of both sexes. The National is a men's club, also seasonal, whose membership embraces some of the most imposing names on the U.S. capitalist roster—people like Henry Ford II, John Hay Whitney, William S. Paley and Henry F. du Pont. Maidstone is a family country club for the "summer people" of East Hampton, a growing number of whom have taken to spending their winter weekends there as well. So the golf course is open the year round. Fine as it is, it is of no more importance to club life than the tennis courts, the beachside cabanas and



Dr. Everett Herrick of Maidstone



Willie Dunn of Shinnecock Hills

swimming pool, the plethora of children's events and the Saturday night dinner dances in fancy dress and funny hats.

The National Golf Links of America was founded in 1908. As much as any such institution can be, it was the creation of one man, an eccentric and truculent Chicago golfer named Charles Blair Macdonald, who was the first amateur golf champion of the U.S. He was also indirectly responsible for the formation of the USGA in 1894 following the unseemly brouhaha he raised over the two unofficial championships that were contested the previous year. He had been runner-up in the first one at Newport, losing a close final after driving his ball into a stone wall on the course. He went away complaining loudly that the Newport course was no fair test of championship golf. A few weeks later he lost in the finals of the secood "championship" played at St Andrews, and he blamed this loss on a massive hangover. But when the infant USGA conducted its first championship at Newport the following summer, Macdonald was finally the winner.

Although that was to be Maedonald's only national championship, there is no doubt that he was one of the ablest of the early golfers in America. This large and boorish man was devoted to golf, which he had first learned while a student at the University of St. Andrews. Some years later, in 1897, he helped start the Chicago Golf Club, and eventually it became his ambition to build the ultimate golf course in his native land. He spent the summers from 1902 through 1906 taking meticulous notes on the celebrated seaside links of Great Britain and recordiog the exact measurements of what he considered the best holes. Macdonald also searched the Eastern Seaboard for the kind of linksland he felt would do justice to his dream course. He eventually settled for a parcel of some 245 gently rolling acres on the border of Peconic Bay, overlooking Southampton and the Atlantic Ocean to the south.

Seventy wealthy sportsmen contributed $1,000 apiece to get the club under way, and among them were quite a few of the more illustrious tycoons of the time: W. K. Vanderbilt (railroads), Clarence Mackay (mining and telegraph), Charles Deering (farm machinery), J. Borden Harriman (railroads), Harry Payne Whitney (streetcars and Thoroughbred racing) and Robert T. Lincoln, son of the President (Pullman cars).

With every blade of grass and every grain of sand fastidiously supervised by Macdonald, the National was nearly four years in the building and was first played in 1908. The original version was, by today's standards, relatively short at 6,100 yards, but subsequent modifications have stretched it to its present moderate length of 6,639 yards from the back tees. Distance, however, is not the yardstick by which one measures the National. There is scarcely a day, even in midsummer, with the air thin and the fairways hardened by the sun, when either the outbound nine or the incoming holes are not lengthened formidably by the wind. It is the weather that brings out the ingenuity and forethought of Maedonald's design, for virtually every two-shot and three-shot hole offers a variety of routes, the choice of which depends on the wind as well as the strength and nerve of the player. There is seldom any agreeing on the best line to take under given conditions.

Five of the holes at the National are close replicas of celebrated holes in Britain, and three of these are encountered

continued

at the very start of the round. National's 2nd is modeled after the Sahara at Royal St. George's. It is a short 4-par with the direct line from the tee requiring a carry of better than 200 yards into the teeth of the prevailing wind and across a wide, dispiriting expanse of sand. As with all his problem shots, Macdonald offered a shorter, safer shot for those unable to crank up their courage.

The 3rd reproduces the problems of the Alps at Prestwick. It is a 418-yard 4-par requiring a blind second shot over a sharply rising hill to a very wide and steeply contoured green that is protected from end to end by bunkers. The bigger the drive on this hole the better the opportunity to avoid the worst of the hill and to see at least something of the target ahead, but the better route asks for a very brave tee shot, again into the prevailing wind, to carry the huge bunker that precedes the fairway.

The 4th hole is a copy of North Berwick's Redan, a middle-iron par-3 with a long green falling off diagonally to the left. Here the direct shot to the pin flirts dangerously with a deep bunker on the left that will virtually destroy any hope of par. The more cautious shot to the right leaves a long and dicey downhill chip or putt.

The two remaining copies—the 7th and 13th—were both designed to re-create two classic moments on the Old Course at St. Andrews. The former, a 5-par, is more suggested by than modeled after the Road Hole, where so many championship hopes have died. In place of the railroad sheds on the right in Scotland is a large expanse of scrub-filled bunkers, and that removes a great deal of the terror implicit in the tee shot at St. Andrews. Yet the plan of attack remains much the same—the safer the tee shot the more difficult the second—with the third shot into the green demanding a most delicate touch if it is not played from perfect position on the right of the fairway. It is the kind of hole where trouble can be many times multiplied by a foolish refusal to accept the penalty of a bad lie.

The 13th is an excellent par-3 of medium-iron length across a pond, with punishing pot bunkers fronting the green to both right and left. It is fashioned after the 11th at the Old Course, where the River Eden runs behind the green. So there would be no mistaking its derivation, Macdonald named his 13th Eden.

Despite its inspiration, the National, like Shinnecock Hills, is not a linksland course in the British sense. The soil is of inland nature, giving the fairways and greens a soft texture. It is the sprawling bunkers, some 500 in number, and the stretches of sandy rough filled with huckleberry bushes and other clutching scrub that simulate the linksland hardships and frustrations.

From the time Macdonald first opened the National for play until his death in 1939, he dominated the club. He dictated club policy and altered the course with regal arrogance and little regard for the feelings and opinions of others. Such was his strength of purpose that he usually got what he wanted, leaving enemies strewn in his wake. He "stole" the chef from Shinnecock Hills amid cries of outrage and thus inaugurated the tradition of superb cuisine that is almost as important a part of the National's reputation as is its golf. When he tried to hire away Shinnecock's pro, Charlie Thom, it was a different story. "I wouldn't be there 10 minutes before I would wrap this golf stick around your neck and make a bow tie for you," Thom told Macdonald in refusing the offer.

Once, in a rare mood of self-criticism, Macdonald made a most uncharacteristic admission while discussing the National. "I am not confident," he said, "that the course is perfect and beyond criticism today."

Nonetheless, even the legendary Bernard Darwin, golf's most graceful and perceptive writer, was duly impressed by Macdonald's achievement. While covering the 1922 Walker Cup matches for *The Times* of London, Darwin was called upon to replace an ailing member of the British team, so he had firsthand knowledge of the course under competitive conditions. Later he wrote, "Those who think it is the greatest golf course in the world may be right or wrong but are certainly not to be accused of intemperance of judgment."

In recent years an outing at the National has come to be one of the happier consolations of businessmen's golf as it is practiced in the New York area. Setting the mood, there is the arrival at the imposing iron gates, with the sign warning motorists to halt if golfers are putting on the 17th green or driving off the 18th tee. When all is clear, there is the short trip up the hill to the gray, fortresslike clubhouse, finished in 1912 and offering a spectacular view across Peconic Bay toward the north fork of Long Island. A three-foot-long telescope in the screened porch opposite the front door is a reminder of that more sumptuous era when the club manager had to identify the approaching yachts of members and prepare for their docking at the club marina (now gone with the times).

Indoors, the clubhouse has that musty, darkly protective atmosphere that seems to accumulate inside well-aged men's clubs—the heavy furniture, the British sporting magazines on the big table, the deeply upholstered chairs, the writing table with the club stationery in a discreet corner. The walls of the spacious bar are covered with esoteric relics of golf's history—fine old prints and photographs and even a marble cast of Harry Vardon's hands clasped in the immortal grip he pioneered. It was here, seated in an armchair by the window overlooking the 18th fairway and the bay beyond, that Macdonald presided when he was not on the course.

At the end of the building is the large library with its imposing oil portraits of former club presidents glaring out from the walls and, dominating the scene, a life-size bronze of the founder in his golfing togs. This room houses one of the rare collections of golf literature in America. Lunch at the National is an eating experience unsurpassed in the environs of sport. It opens with a clam broth and then proceeds gently to the chicken lobsters, just barely legal in size, that are awaiting the diners as they take their seats. After that come the fluffy fish cakes, served with a tomato sauce and pureed sweet corn. Then there is the main course—a choice of shepherd's pie, beef-and-kidney pie or the roast of the day accompanied by the appropriate trimmings. This is *continued*

The gray stucco National clubhouse, built in 1912, is ornamented along roof by golfer-caddie figures (bottom right). The entrance to grounds is so narrow that cars must creep through. The windmill by the 16th green lost its wheel during the 1941 hurricane.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN











ELEGANT COURSES *continued*

followed by another of the specialties of the kitchen, rice cakes smothered in cinnamon and syrup. The meal tapers off with some pie or pudding, perhaps a little ice cream and finally some fresh fruit and cheese. More than one afternoon of golf has come to a premature halt right there in the dining room.

Upstairs the National's clubhouse provides sleeping accommodations for 18 guests, and these are frequently in use during the good golfing months from May through October when business groups or congenial outings of less pragmatic purpose settle in for a couple of days of golf and companionship. On some such occasions students of the good life who reside nearby are apt to take a drive over to the East Hampton airport just to count the lineup of private jets that have brought their companies' executives to the National for a respite from their labors in the marketplace.

Adjoining the 10th hole of the National is the 3rd hole of Shinnecock Hills, a club some 17 years senior to the National, and a club, in fact, whose roots go all the way back to the origins of golf in this country. Willie Dunn, one of the first of the Scots to teach their game to Americans, was imported in 1891 by the club's founders to lay out some golf holes. As far as these pioneer duffers knew, no other golf course existed in the U.S. at the time, although in truth the six-hole course of the St. Andrews Golf Club in Yonkers—often regarded as the country's first—was already 3 years old. There also were rudimentary facilities at such places as Newport, Tuxedo Park, N.Y. and Philadelphia. Shinnecock's original 80 acres were bought for $2,500, a sum that today would scarcely buy enough of that land for a decent putting green. With the help of 150 Indians recruited from the nearby Shinnecock Reservation, Dunn completed 12 holes over the scrubby rolling hills in time for play in the late summer of '91. By the following spring there was an attractive white-shingled clubhouse, complete with grill room, lockers and shower baths, which was designed by Stanford White, the most celebrated architect of the day.

As Shinnecock's golf moved into full stride during the summer season of 1892 there were 70 members, each paying annual dues of $25. Greens fees for guests were $1 a day. A complete set of woods and irons cost around $24, a canvas bag $6, a ball cleaner $1 and a rubber golf tee 25¢. Balls were 50¢ to 60¢ apiece, and the fee of a caddie ranged between 20¢ and 35¢ for a full round. It was at these prices that the elite of Southampton, then in breakneck competition with Newport for recognition as the nation's smartest watering spot, helped to stamp

Shinnecock Hills course, with its untamed grass around the clubhouse and 14th fairway (right), resembles British seaside links.



golf with the cachet of a rich man's game.

Just three years after the launching of Shinnecock Hills, the U.S. Golf Association was formed for the purpose of conducting a national championship, and Shinnecock was one of the five founding clubs, along with Newport, St. Andrews, the Chicago Golf Club and The Country Club of Brookline, Mass. The first championships—both amateur and open—were held the next year at Newport. The following year, 1896, they moved to Shinnecock Hills.

Certainly one of the major milestones in Shinnecock's history was the arrival from Scotland, in 1906, of the 25-year-old Scotsman named Charlie Thom to assume the duties of club *continued*



pro. A stocky, powerful fellow with opinions as strong as his arms, Thom clinched the job by shooting a 33-33—66 to beat the course record by five strokes on the weekend he first visited the club for an interview. Until his official retirement in 1961 after 55 years as head pro, Thom was as much a Shinnecock landmark as the enormous white clubhouse on the hill. Oldtimers love to tell how Thom would dress down some of his more notable member pupils—among them Andrew Mellon, to whom he once said in his brusque Scottish burr, "Now there's the ball. Don't be letting your mind wander over to Europe and thinking what money's to be made over there. The ball's here, so keep your eye on it till you hit it."

And then there was the time Charlie called at the office of another member-pupil, Charles Steele, who was a Morgan partner. Told that Steele was in a board meeting and not to be disturbed, Thom sent a note saying, "The King of Shinnecock is waiting to see Mr. Steele." He was immediately ushered into the Morgan boardroom, introduced all around and handed a $20 gold piece by J. P. Morgan himself with the comment, "I don't ever want anyone to say he wasn't paid for the time he spent here."

Throughout his first two decades at Shinnecock Hills, Thom taught and played with the founders and offspring of families whose names are like chapter headings in the financial and social history of early 20th century America—names like Root, Mellon, Byers, Potter and Havemeyer. These were the people who put the gloss on the Southampton of that day.

Thom saw Shinnecock Hills through many vicissitudes, the most drastic of which began with the Great Depression. Just as this somber decade was starting but before the club had felt its full effect, a new highway was built through the southern portion of the course. The architectural firm of Toomey and Flynn was commissioned to make a major rearrangement of the holes. The late Dick Wilson, who was to become one of the two most prominent golf architects of his time, worked on the project with Toomey and Flynn, and the course today bears such familiar Wilson imprints as craftily planned doglegs and tiers of bunkers leading toward and cutting deeply into the greens.

Maidstone Club has, in addition to its golf course, 21 grass tennis courts, a swimming pool and cabanas facing the Atlantic Ocean.

At 6,697 yards from the back tees (6,204 from the members') the revised *Shinnecock Hills is not of spectacular* length, but the shorter holes play mostly into the prevailing wind, while the downwind 4-pars run to 450 yards or better. The closing holes on both the front and back nines are doglegs of superb quality, with the wind blowing in from the right. Each calls for a carefully placed drive with violent punishment on either side and then a strong, nerve-testing approach to the green.

Shinnecock is like that most of the way around. The shots it calls for are difficult but rewarding. It is errors in judgment and ever-gnawing doubt that defeat one. After playing a round there a few years ago with his friend and business partner, the late Paul Shields, Ben Hogan wrote, "To me it is very strange why so many courses have deteriorated in their requirements of good golf shots. This is not true of Shinnecock. Although Shinnecock is a very old course, it has not succumbed to the pattern of 'make golf easy' because of the hacker's inability to hit decent shots. By this I mean each hole is different and requires a great amount of skill to play it properly. As I think back, each hole has complete definition. You know exactly where to shoot, and the distance is easy to read. All in all, I think it is one of the finest courses I have ever played, and I can say that I had a great amount of pleasure the day we played there."

The expense of the new course designed by Toomey and Flynn, the decline in golf during the Depression, the gradual disappearance of the very rich and finally the maladjustments of World War II brought Shinnecock Hills close to extinction. In 1948 some devoted members refinanced the club, and it began a new life in a world that was as different from that of Charlie Thom's early years as the Volkswagen is from the Packard Twin Sixes that were once parked alongside the clubhouse on a summer Sunday. The present membership of 330, while by no means impoverished, is a far cry from the landed gentry who started the club. They are, in large measure, the young to middle-aged core and fringe of the Jet Set that has turned Southampton into a more swinging if less austere and dignified vacation colony.

Now a salty 87-year-old with mind and memory as sharp as ever, Charlie *Thom is still a vital part of the Shin*necock scene. His charming two-story cottage, rich with mementos of the past and with his original workshop still intact, stands behind a tall hedge a few yards off the 9th green. On fine days Thom emerges, his bowed legs now a bit shaky but his Scottish burr as robust as ever, to greet his old friends, to call Bill, a tame and obese sea gull who returns to spend each summer with him, and to express a few uninhibited opinions on the modern era. "There's a lot of people play here today," he said recently. "I don't even know who they are. I don't want to know 'em, and they don't know who I am, and they don't care."

Along the 30-mile stretch of eastern Long Island known collectively as The Hamptons the mood and character changes sometimes subtly, sometimes abruptly from town to town. Even though it is a mere 12 miles from Shinnecock Hills and the National to the Maidstone Club, in the minds of the summer residents of these two areas the distance is almost interplanetary. Southampton, with its grandiose summer "cottages," oozes wealth and dash and is apt to occupy a good deal of space in the writings of Suzy Knickerbocker, the unofficial chronicler of the rich. In describing East Hampton the society writers have always used such expressions as "conservative and close-knit." Its houses, while lavish by almost anyone's standards, tend toward discreet understatement.

East Hampton's first settlers arrived in 1648 and called the place Maidstone after the town in Kent from which they emigrated. The name was soon changed, but nearly 250 years elapsed before a colony of artists started using East Hampton as a summer resort. By the time the railroad arrived in 1895 the rich were just beginning to nestle in among the artists.

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continued



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as millionaires, the Maidstone Club was born in 1891. There was always a mixture of sports offered, with lawn tennis taken the most seriously. Then, in 1894, three rudimentary golf holes were built at a cost of $28.50. In the succeeding few years the course was enlarged to nine holes, and a 16-year-old Indian of partly Negro ancestry was hired as the first pro. His name was John Shippen, and, having learned the game as a caddie at Shinnecock Hills, he entered and tied for fifth in the 1896 Open at that club just before taking up his duties at Maidstone. It was to be 60 years before another pro of Negro descent would do as well in professional competition. Golf continued to take a back seat to lawn tennis at Maidstone until the early 1920s, at which time Willie and John Park, a couple of the early Scottish pros who made their mark in the U.S., laid out the basic design of the present course.

Some of the original nine holes at Maidstone traveled over 29 acres of land owned by William Wheelock and Dr. Everett Herrick, the first president of the club and a man who presided over its activities with a kind of benevolent paternalism. Since he charged no rent for the land, Herrick felt justified in adding a clause to the lease that forbade its use on Sundays. It was not until the club bought the property from Herrick and Wheelock in 1905 that this ukase against Sunday golf was eased to the point of allowing play after 12:30 p.m. when most members presumably would have attended to their spiritual obligations. After Herrick died in 1914 the members finally felt free to play golf all day Sunday without giving offense.

Herrick's moral principles lived after him at Maidstone, however. A health faddist and teetotaler, he had bequeathed the club $7,500 with the stipulation that if intoxicating beverages were ever sold on the premises the legacy would revert to the East Hampton Free Library. Following the repeal of Prohibition an anonymous member sent the club a check for $7,500, thus contributing to the happiness of both the reading and drinking members of the community.

As with Shinnecock and the National, Maidstone's history evokes a powerful nostalgia. The prevalent golfing attire of the earlier days was white flannel trousers, gaiters and red jackets with brass buttons, a getup that even Doug Sanders and Jimmy Demaret never surpassed

in their later day. In 1916 Charles Evans Hughes, while campaigning for the presidency, stopped by for a round of golf. Judge Samuel Seabury, the great reformer who finally ended the rambunctious career of former New York Mayor Jimmy Walker, was the club's president from 1920 to 1921. So, too, was Sportswriter Grantland Rice, and to this day Rice's locker, with his nameplate still intact, is *maintained for honored guests*.

It was in this atmosphere that Maidstone grew to maturity. There is a wholesome ambience to the place that knits in well with the quiet gentility of East Hampton. With children romping about, it bespeaks the togetherness of suburbia along with a warm sense of security. Even so, Maidstone—like Shinnecock Hills—had trouble weathering the Depression. In 1935 the club defaulted on the payments of its bonded indebtedness of a quarter of a million dollars, the money that had been borrowed through the years to pay for its huge, rambling clubhouse on the dunes overlooking the ocean, its lovely grass courts, its two 18-hole golf courses, its Olympic-size swimming pool and adjoining complex of dressing rooms and cabanas.

As was the case with so many overextended country clubs at that time, Maidstone was saved by the manipulations of a group of loyal members who devised a workable reorganization, placing the ownership of the club in the hands of the dues-paying members and freeing it from the grip of the bondholders. During this period Maidstone's burden was weighted by the great 1938 hurricane that ravished Long Island's South Shore. Some $40,000 had to be raised by private subscription among the members to repair the damage.

After World War II Maidstone modified its golf accommodations, leaving just one 18-hole course and a short nine-hole course, a sporty little layout that is a source of much pleasure to older members. But it is the larger course, a synthesis of the best prewar holes, that is now the pride of the club and among this country's finest seaside links.

The course starts atop the lovely dune on which the clubhouse rests. Three relatively prosaic holes take it down to Hook Pond, one of scores of tidewater ponds behind the Hampton dunes. It is at this point that the course takes on its true character. A fine middle-iron 3-par played into the prevailing wind off the

continued



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ocean is the start of a succession of magnificent linksland holes that continue off and on from the 4th through the 14th. The course then finishes with a couple of well-designed holes built around Hook Pond before returning up the hill to the clubhouse. When one thinks of the challenging excitement of Maidstone golf, it is in terms of the eight middle holes that run alongside and through the dunes. The 7th is a sporty dogleg skirting Hook Pond, its water lapping at the fairway as far as the green with dunes threatening on the left. No. 8 is a little blind one-shotter played right inside the heart of the dunes and, with the wind from the sea on the right, it can have the same emotional impact as a trip to the dentist. No. 9 asks for the utmost in courage and accuracy, for the tee shot is hit from atop the dunes into a narrow, winding ribbon of fairway with dunes looming on either side. The 10th doubles back parallel to the 9th, and then 11 and 12 ease away from the seashore for a moment. The 13th a 5-par into the wind—returns to the sea with all kinds of sticky linksland trouble on the left. No. 14 is another dune-to-dune one-shotter to tighten the nerve strings before the course turns inland again at the 15th with a tee shot over the last of the dunes.

Most of this country's 10 million golfers do not have the opportunity to play more than a few, if any, rounds of golf on the kind of old-fashioned linksland that gave birth to the game. Seldom are today's courses built anywhere but on level inland terrain with artificial hazards precisely installed at conventional spots along the route. As a result, a passion for uniformity is taking hold of the American version of the game. Golfers come to believe they are being dealt a crooked hand if they get a bad bounce into uncompromising trouble or if they have to hit their shots from an awkward stance with the elements against them.

Yet, as the late Francis Ouimet used to say, "Golf is a game that should combine both skill and speculation." And the Scots, whose game it was in the first place, believe that the character to withstand adversity is as essential to success in golf as a reliable swing. It is at superlative courses like the National, Shinnecock Hills and Maidstone that one finds this important extra dimension in the game. **END**



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DICK TIGER FIGHTS TWO WARS

Taking a temporary leave from Biafra's struggle with Nigeria, the light heavyweight champion gets ready for his own battle of survival against Bob Foster

by ROBERT BOYLE

In this corner is Richard Ihetu, alias Dick Tiger. At 39 years of age—he will be 40 on August 14—Tiger is the oldest champion in boxing. He is also probably the oldest 2nd lieutenant in the army of Biafra, the secessionist African state fighting for its independence from Nigeria. In the other corner is Bob Foster, 29, an explosive puncher who used to work, fittingly, in a bomb factory. Foster is 6′ 3½″; Tiger is 5′ 8″. Tiger likes to work inside, brutalizing the body so the head will collapse, while Foster prefers to flatten an opponent with a single blow. Both men are aggressive to the extreme, and their fight for the light heavyweight title on May 24 in Madison Square Garden promises to be a war.

For Dick Tiger there is another war, the turmoil and terror between Biafra and Nigeria. Early last March, Tiger left Biafra to start training in Manhattan for the Foster fight. He works out weekdays in the New Garden Gym, a walk-up sweatbox on Eighth Avenue, and he passes his off-hours watching TV in his West Side hotel room, window-shopping, writing letters and promoting the cause of Biafra. In his dressing cubicle at the gym, a patriotic poster proclaims the "Days to Remember," such as the massacre of Biafrans in northern Nigeria on May 28, 1966. Tiger is so committed to the cause of Biafran independence that it dismays his co-manager, Jersey Jones. Not long ago, after Tiger had finished giving an interview, Jones stuck his head in the cubicle. "Are you still talking about that Nigerian-Biafran mess?" Jones asked. "Why don't you talk about the fight?"

Softly Tiger said, "Without Biafra, the championship title is no good to *me*. Without Biafra, *my* title is nothing."

"C'mon, Dick," Jones said in a gentle tone. "Forget about Biafra. Bring your wife and kids over here and settle down."

"The United States is a very good country, a very nice country," Tiger replied, "but Biafra is my home. I was born in Biafra. I will die in Biafra."

Jones turned away silently.

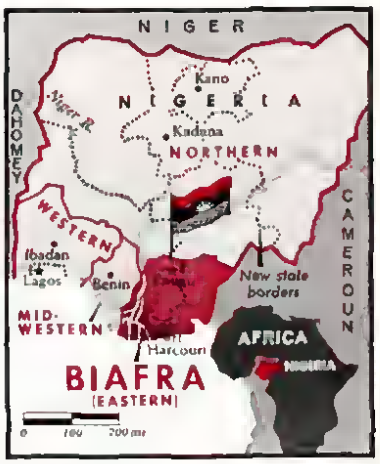
The most compelling fact in Dick Tiger's life now is not his pressing ring style or his relatively advanced age but that he is an Ibo. The Ibos are the Biafrans. Biafra used to be part of Nigeria, which was an invention of colonial Britain. It was not a single nation but a conglomeration of peoples stuffed inside a boundary line determined by the Great Powers of the 19th century. When the British gave up their hold on Nigeria about seven years ago, the Ibos, 12 million strong, were one of the peoples who made up the new country. Energetic and enterprising, the Ibos were the businessmen, doctors, lawyers, teachers and doers of Nigeria. "Ibo people are not lazy people," Tiger says proudly. "Whatever we are doing, we put all our effort there. If we are studying, we study very hard. We like peace. We like to be jovial. We don't get angry very quick. We play, we laugh and we are good business people. And we respect law. Sometimes God watch for us."

Originally native to eastern Nigeria, the Ibos spread throughout all Nigeria, and their spirit of enterprise often aroused envy or hostility. The Ibos, moreover, are largely English-speaking Christians. Tiger, his wife and their seven children are Anglicans. By contrast, the Hausas of northern Nigeria, the rivals of the Ibos, are Arabic-speaking Moslems who have little truck with new-fangled ways. As a result, the short, unhappy history of independent Nigeria has been mostly a struggle between Ibo and Hausa.

In the spring and fall of 1966 the Hausas turned on the Ibos who had settled in the north. The massacres were appalling. "They killed both soldiers and civilians," Tiger says. "About 30,000. They chased everybody from the east. All of them run home." In between massacres the Hausas also overthrew and shot General Aguiyi-Ironsi, an Ibo who was the Nigerian chief of state. (Six months previously, General Ironsi had overthrown the Hausa-oriented regime of Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa.) In May 1967 the Ibos decided that they had had enough of Nigeria. Eastern Nigeria, the Ibo homeland, set itself up as the independent republic of Biafra, so named after a bay on the coast.

Ever since then the Nigerian government, dominated by northerners, has been warring against Biafra in an attempt to end the secession. Biafra has managed to hold out, but the fighting has been vicious, heightened by religious animosities. The Biafrans accuse the Nigerians of conducting a *jihad*, or Moslem holy war, against them. "They believe that killing me as a Christian will make them go to heaven," says Tiger. "The whole northerners feel that way."

Tiger had to leave Biafra last fall for his fight with Roger Rouse, but when he returned home in December he promptly joined the Biafran army. "I volunteered," he says, "because everybody there have to do something." Though he has not been called upon to fight, he has helped to condition troops. Most of Tiger's money from past fights is tied up in real-estate holdings in Lagos, the Hausa-held Nigerian capital. He does not know if he will ever get his



investments back, but Biafran independence comes first. "What I am doing now is to box," he says, "and whatever little money I get I try to donate to the war effort." In addition, Tiger has helped care for the wounded after bombing raids on Aba, his home town, and Ogui. "One day they killed about 100 in Ogui because over there they have an open market," he says. "In that open market the Nigerian bombers come and throw bombs about three times, and they killed over 100 persons that very day. I wasn't

continued

there, but as soon as it was announced we went there with the car to try to help and carry the bodies." According to Tiger, the Nigerians are using Egyptian pilots to fly British planes against Biafra. The Russians, who were said to be helping Nigeria, are supposed to have left, Tiger says. Presumably Nigeria did not look like a winner. So far only two countries, Tanzania and Gabon, have recognized Biafra, but Tiger believes others would if Biafra's story were known.

Tiger is a constant but unhappy reader of *The New York Times*. "The agent they have is in Lagos, and he writes what the Lagos people tell him," Tiger says. "He doesn't even come to Biafra. He doesn't know what is happening. When the [Nigerian] soldiers from the front go back, whatever they tell him is sent over here. He say, 'Nigeria did this.' But this is nothing. He didn't even see it himself." To Tiger, Nigerian victory claims are ridiculous. "Even now our troops are over into Nigeria," he says. "We are fighting them back with ammunition we got from them. Whatever happens, Biafra will never give up. This is a war of survival. If they left only one person, that person must fight until he dies. That is our country. They can't make me run away from my country. It's better that I die there than to carry my children and start running."

When the war began, Nigeria cut off communications to Biafra and imposed a naval blockade. In order to get to New York, Tiger flies out by an undisclosed route. "When we leave Biafra," he says, "I just go straight on until they drop me. When the plane is in the air and I'm flying, I don't know anything except that I'm going to New York." Since arriving in New York this time, he has written several letters to his wife, but he has yet to receive an answer. He is especially concerned because he has heard that the Nigerians bombed St. Michael's Church in Aba on a Sunday. When Tiger is at home, he and his wife attend St. Michael's.

With the war at home preying on Tiger's mind, the question arises whether he will be able to bring the necessary concentration to bear in his fight with Foster. Tiger believes he can. "Every man has worry of his own," he says. "If I carry my worry into the ring, that's no good. That might result bad. So now I'm worried, but when I step into the ring I forget about everything and mind what is in front of me. Then after that I come out of the ring." Neither does his age seem a problem to him in the encounter with Foster. "I feel fine," he says. "I want to fight until I'm 45, to be the champion until the age of 45. I'm serious."

Of Foster, he shrugs and says, "He's one of the fighters. When I go into the ring I say, 'another payday.' I just go in, and I just throw punches. People who watch me fight, they know my style. I keep going. I have fought those who can jab, so it's no news to me. I'll fight him my way. I have to go in to fight him underneath. That is my style of fighting. He'll try to keep me outside, but I won't let him. I don't care how tall or how big a fighter is. When I get a good punch, I say that's nothing. No matter how hard they punch, I punch better. Nervous? Years ago, yes, but not now. I'm too old."

Foster is scarcely just another fighter. Besides having the height and reach on Tiger, he will have weight, a well-muscled 174 or 175. By comparison, Tiger is expected to come in at around 168, and Foster's manager, Mushky Salow, rates Tiger as only a heavy middleweight. In the trade, Foster has such a reputation as a deadly puncher that he is treated as an opponent to be avoided. Last year, Salow says, Jimmy Ellis, now the World Boxing Association heavyweight champion, turned down an offer to fight him. Indeed, Tiger's camp agreed to make the match for the light heavyweight title only after getting a $100,000 guarantee.

If it had not been for Salow's handling, Foster would still be getting the runaround and working in York, Pa. "This guy's a lifesaver," Foster says of his manager. "He took me out of the bomb factory."



ALONGSIDE JACK DEMPSEY, BOB FOSTER IS A LIGHT HEAVY OF IMPRESSIVE SIZE

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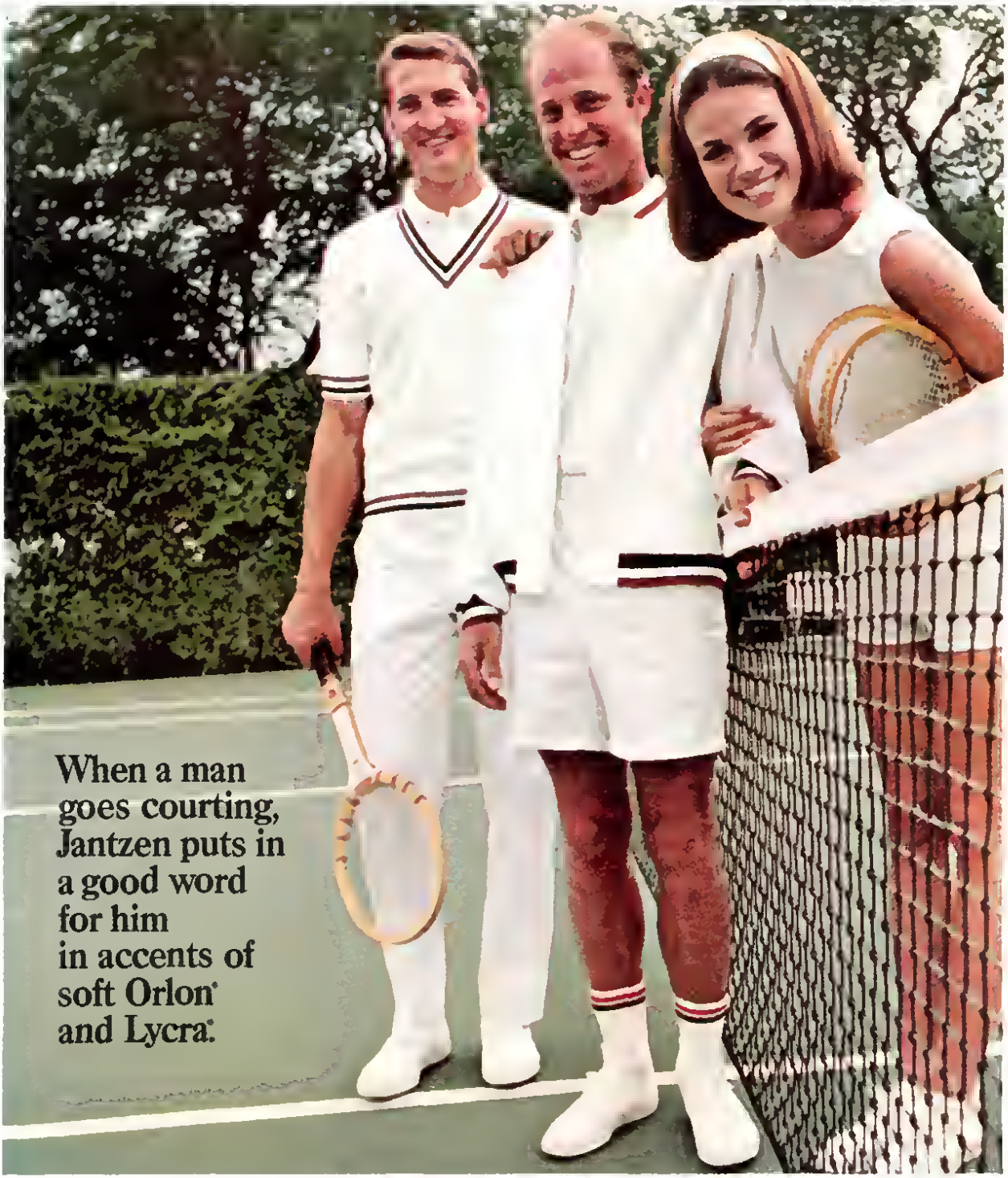
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Foster has had 33 professional fights and has won 29, 23 by knockouts, mostly in the early rounds. "The minute I see an opening I just let the punch go," he says. Raised in Albuquerque, he turned down a football scholarship at the University of New Mexico to enlist in the Air Force. As a youngster, Foster had won the local Golden Gloves featherweight title, and in the service he resumed boxing. He had 101 fights, winning 89 by knockouts. After five years in the Air Force he turned pro, won his first nine and then stepped out of his class in both weight and experience to fight Doug Jones on short notice. "I needed the money," Foster says. Jones, then the No. 2 heavyweight contender, won by a KO in the eighth. (Previously, in the Air Force, Foster had beaten Jones by a decision.) Foster knocked out his next two opponents and then began getting the runaround. He had to go to Lima, Peru to take on Mauro Mina. He clobbered Mina, so much so that Mina suffered a detached retina, but the Peruvians gave Mina the decision. Back in the States, Foster won three more (KO 3, KO 1, KO 1). Then he overreached again against Ernie Terrell, who scored a seventh-round technical. After seven straight victories (six of them KOs), he lost a 10-round decision to Zora Folley.

By this time Foster decided he was going nowhere. He took a job at the American Machine & Foundry factory in York. "I was bringing home $150 a week," he says. "My wife was working as a cook in a hospital, and she was bringing home $162. I forgot all about fighting. I didn't see where I needed fighting if I wasn't going anyplace. So I just forgot about it and set my mind to working and taking care of my four kids."

Enter Mushky Salow of Hartford, Conn. Now 49, Mushky may be described as a sportsman or, as he succinctly puts it, a "former vending-machine magnate." Without benefit of rehearsal, he probably could replace Stubby Kaye in *Guys and Dolls*. Mushky has been in and out of boxing since he managed Willie Pep as an amateur. His last fighter was Red Top Davis, a featherweight contender of a dozen years ago. Mushky had first heard of Foster when Al Weill raved about him as the next heavyweight champion. Weill did not sign Foster—another manager did—but Mushky stayed at a discreet distance because, as he says, "Who's gonna interfere with anything that Weill started out to do?"

Mushky followed Foster's career, and, when Foster went to work at the bomb factory, Mushky stepped in. He knew about Foster's defeats, but he blamed them on bad managing. "Do you t'row a guy with nine professional fights in with a top contender?" Mushky asks. "Do you t'row him in with Ernie Terrell, to boot, who had maybe 30 pounds on him, in his 17th fight?"

Mushky bought Foster's contract from a lawyer for $4,000 in October 1966 and began a training program. A German promoter offered $5,000 for a fight in Berlin, but Mushky turned it down. Mushky says, "I told Bob, 'You'll be fighting for the title if you listen to me.' So now I put him in Norfolk, Va. with Leroy Green, and he got $300 or something. He came over to me after the fight and he says, 'Jesus, I think you know what you're doin'.' I say, 'Why do you say that?' He says, 'You know when I entered the ring,' he says, 'I wasn't quite sure of myself,' he says, 'but you get anybody for me now. I can fight again.' "

Mushky matched Foster with Slim Jim Robinson, who went out in one after "a short bomb," and then Andres Selpa, the South American light heavyweight champ, who disappeared in two. Foster hit Selpa with, in Mushky's joyous words, "a left hook in the belly. The guy screeched—you could hear him—like a guy shot." Eddie Cotton was next. Foster had Cotton down in the first, but then Eddie covered up for the second and part of the third. Frustrated at being unable to find a conventional opening, Foster struck Cotton on the top of the skull with a left hook, and Cotton sank like a clubbed ox. "After that," says Mushky, "we were waiting for the one shot with Tiger."

To hear Mushky and Foster talk, Foster will take the light heavyweight title and then the heavyweight championship as well. "Ain't nothin' out there," Foster says. He admits Tiger is a good fighter ("I give the old man a lot of respect"), but he is not about to be pressed by him. "I don't back up for nobody," Foster says. "Somebody is going to go. I say within six or seven rounds." For Dick Tiger, there appear to be two wars of survival, one back home in Biafra, the other in the Garden next week. END

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Three decades ago the college athlete was worshiped as a god by the fraternity-sorority set but was ridiculed by campus intellectuals.

SCORE ONE FOR TODAY'S STUDENTS

by JOHN McCORMICK

Thirty years of campus observation leads the author, a professor of comparative literature at Rutgers University, to conclude that this generation knows the proper place of sport—and that his did not

People who teach in universities are painfully aware of the flow of time. For them a generation is not the conventional 30 years or so; it is four years, or the time it takes a student to proceed from freshman to graduate. The profession abounds in wry jokes directed against itself to the general point that the freshmen are getting younger every year. As the professor's hair thins, his students' becomes longer.

This process of rapid generation watching is deflating to the ego of aging professors, but it provides a rare advantage in assessing the sweep of events. Writers have been telling us for years about the remarkable changes in our life since World War II, and there can be no better index of such changes than students; they are articulate, ready to act (witness Columbia's riots) as well as to reflect and vulnerable to analysis in a



Now sport has lost both its deified status and its stigma as students simultaneously pursue all manner of academic and athletic interests.

manner that businessmen or politicians are not.

As a professor old enough to have been a student in the '30s, I find it useful and indeed instructive to compare my own student generation's attitude toward sports with that which I see among the bushy-haired young men I teach today. Just as the relationships between sport and society are more complex than one might think possible, so the place of sport in student minds over the past 30 years is at least equally complex. It is so involved, in fact, that I must indulge in a measure of autobiography in order to make completely plain the significant change to be observed in the student-sport relationship.

Between 1937 and 1941 the University of Minnesota had a student body of some 20,000—then considered huge, although small by postwar standards. The Depression was very much with us; it daily seared into the life of every student. Two-thirds of the students supported themselves wholly or in part by working at the menial jobs traditionally available. Although fees were low and expenses few, money was scarce. You could see yourself through a university year with $400, but with 25¢ to 30¢ an hour the going wage, it took you a year to save $400.

In the Midwest few parents were able to contribute to their offspring's higher education—that was known, taken for granted, and most students preferred it that way. If we occasionally pitied ourselves for not having money from home and a pleasant life in the fraternity or sorority houses, we would not have sacrificed our independence in return for the kept life of the fortunate, frivolous few. Along with self-support went the hard-earned right to tell your father to go to hell, literally and figuratively. Most often we accomplished that result by picketing in downtown Minneapolis for the striking truckmen, by announcing ourselves as atheist-humanists, by joining the local Trotskyite cell (Minneapolis was never a Stalinist town) or simply by going to various left-wing meeting places and singing "Solidarity forever." Some of us became card-carrying party members, and some, like myself, did not actually sign up, because we could not sing the songs with a straight face and we lacked the money for dues. One of my friends enjoyed special status among us because his brother had been in Mexico as one of Trotsky's bodyguards. His stock went down, however, when Trotsky was murdered. Two other friends left the university to enlist with the Loyalists in Spain and, according to rumor, one was killed there. For us they

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were the equivalent of early Christian martyrs.

The other fact that dominated us even more than the Depression and politics was the coming war. We all knew that war was inevitable, each of us assumed that he would go off to it and be killed. We rather enjoyed the prospect of our imminent bloody death. It was a release from planning for the future and license to immediate enjoyment of the flesh, for which read getting high on beer whenever we could raise the price, and an occasional Dutch-treat date that might—but more likely might not—end up in someone's sack. Initially we were sympathetic to the America First Committee, for we were encouraged by the Trotskyites to see the crisis as an imperialistic, British mess. Later, by 1939, we were pro-British and pro-war, eager to go into it. In 1940 I wanted to join the Canadian Air Force, but my roommate persuaded me to stay on until our graduation in 1941. Then we'd volunteer for the Marines or the Navy and go get killed.

Life was not all politics and weekend bartending, however. A fair number of students did have their way paid. They did live at home or in fraternity houses, and they did live the lives of students as portrayed in the movies. They went to dances, and above all they went to football games. We, the self-supporting leftist rationalists, would not have been caught dead at a football game. Had the word been popular, we would have said that only squares went to football games. As it was, we called them "bourgeois," which is Marxist-Leninist for "square."

It is now necessary to remember that the University of Minnesota in particular and the Big Ten in general produced in the '20s and '30s a golden age in college football. At Minnesota, even for an unbourgeois pro-Trotskyite, the memory of Bronko Nagurski was fresh. As late as 1937 Nagurski was with the Chicago Bears. Bernie Bierman was the peerless coach, and the names of Pug Lund and Andy Uram penetrated even into the leftist fastnesses. We also knew about Don Hutson at Alabama, of Fritz Crisler's coaching at Michigan, of Tommy Harmon and of Nile Kinnick at Iowa. When Minnesota won the conference title from Michigan in 1940 even the most hardened student political conspirator added an inch to his stature as he walked to the weekly party seminar, although he

continued



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admitted the fact to no one, least of all to himself.

Minnesota was a true football power. Its stadium had been built in the '20s to equal the Yale Bowl. The players were regarded either as young gods by the squares or as stupid, corrupt oxen by my friends. And the sport was far more than a university pursuit. Students made up only a small proportion of the attendance at games; the population of the Twin Cities and of the state as a whole was fanatically there, seeming to outdo the Hollywood cliché of Saturday football.

Within the university proper, students could be classified with some delicacy according to their attitude toward sport. There was the minority who could afford the good student life, and they held season tickets and attended all football and basketball games without pausing to question their attitude. It was what you did, one of the reasons for attending the university. A second group lived in poverty and did not attend games because they could not pay the $6.50, as I recall, that a season ticket cost. They would have been glad to attend otherwise, and they had no antisport views. Then there was a large group made up of people like myself who equated attendance at games with cretinism, a betrayal of the proletarian masses and a waste of valuable time. Fraternities and sororities were the enemy and, since they were vocal supporters of college athletics, we were opposed to college athletics. Such was our snobbery that we organized something called the Jacobin Club and listed it with the dean as a fraternity simply to appear at the head of the published lists as the fraternity with the highest grade averages.

Objections to organized college athletics had little to do with one's physical fitness or with one's willingness to participate in sports. Some of the leftists were as fit as varsity football players from construction work and other heavy labor in the summer. I played tennis from age 13 and had played baseball from age 8. In retrospect, I think I represented still another group in that I hankered after going to football games, but I would not have dared for fear of losing political face. I wore my politics on my sleeve, but underneath my jacket I carried the sports page of the local newspaper, where I read accounts of the football team in season and followed the

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fortunes of the Chicago Cubs throughout the spring that France fell.

I did not see a college football game until I went to Harvard as a graduate student after World War II. So strong had been my Midwestern conditioning against football that I made my way into the stadium like a priest entering a bordello, yet I soon discovered that in the East things were different. I learned for a fact what I had earlier suspected, that even before the war you could be at once a roaring Communist and a raving rooter for Harvard, Yale or Princeton. Family patterns in the East were stronger, there was more money about, and students were more healthily relaxed about sport than we in the Midwest were ever permitted to be.

That students today are an entirely different breed from those in the '30s is news to no one. They no longer have to tell their fathers to go to hell because they assume he is already there, along with the rest of the family—though they are happy enough to cash monthly checks from the lower depths. Superficial sociology states that prosperity and television have caused the change. There are more interesting reasons, however, that are not so apparent.

Today students at most schools are fully as occupied with politics as they were in the '30s, perhaps even more so. The war they face, the war in Vietnam, requires a subtlety of analysis that World War II never demanded from my generation. Once engaged, we were not required to justify ourselves or the war. But the undeclared war of today has created for students an agonizing set of alternatives, and their agony has in turn given their characters a depth and judiciousness that we lacked utterly. That depth and judiciousness carries over from politics to every avenue of their lives.

Where sport is concerned, a revolution has occurred. Bearded and barefoot students today find it possible to think about the draft, drugs, Marcel Proust and Fran Tarkenton simultaneously and without any sense of ludicrousness. I know a student who took an early bus back from a protest march in Washington in order not to miss a Giant-Packer game on television. I have had dinner with a graduate student in his rooms who talked about his Ph.D. dissertation on Wallace Stevens until it was time for a replay on television of the Frazier-Mathis

fight, on which he had previously bet. Frazier-Mathis replaced Wallace Stevens. Students who in my time would have disdained either interest or participation in athletics today play squash or tennis, or join baseball or touch-football teams. The question of sport vs the intellectual life does not arise anymore. It would never occur to the present generation of students even to debate the subject. Students attend or do not attend college football games without any of the sense my generation had of taking a stand. Sport, in brief, has become a normal, natural part of life, including student life, and that is probably exactly as it should be.

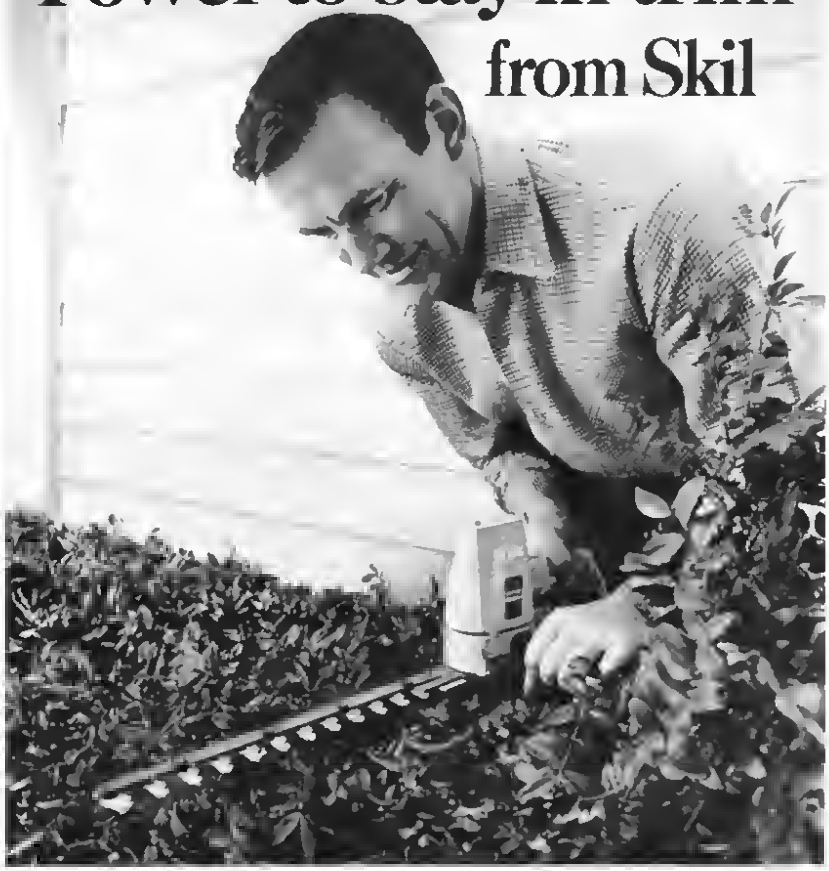
A parallel change has occurred among men who were students in the '30s. I recall my sense of amazement and relief when I learned, five years ago, that an 18th-century English scholar whom I had known for a long time, a man who is the quintessence of the precious academic and one who would not in his youth have turned a conscious moment to the subject of athletics, was a passionate follower of the Mets. Only the fact that he spends his summers in British libraries prevents him from buying a season ticket to Shea Stadium.

It is now possible to go to a dinner party and talk not only shop, gossip, politics and war, but also sport, which is certainly a welcome addition. People who once faulted Hemingway for writing about baseball in *The Old Man and the Sea* may still fault him, but not on that ground. Ring Lardner's baseball stories are held in new esteem, while Bernard Malamud's *The Natural* is overpraised simply because it deals with baseball. Middle-aged men who never did anything physical, in part because of Midwestern political upbringing, are learning the joys of jogging, today's fashionable route into the world of sweat.

Why have such fundamental changes come about? History suggests an important part of the answer. Until recently the Midwest and Far West were guardians of the early American frontier ethic of manliness and of a special kind of individualism. Although the actual frontier had disappeared by 1900, memories of it remained powerful at least until 1940. The notion of survival through physical prowess, through the ability to shoot straight, to work long hours, to hunt skillfully, to build one's own house, to ride, to drive

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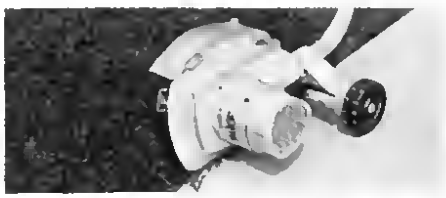
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a team, to master and to practice the myriad skills necessary to life on spread-out farms and in small towns, was uppermost in every man's mind When existence, after industrialization, became somewhat more benign than it had been, the thought of manliness and independence did not vanish overnight. It still remained for every father's son to prove himself a man, and if the father no longer ran traps or plowed 80 acres, there was the unspoken assumption that the son would prove his manliness—to his father, to the community and to himself —through participation in athletics. Anyone who was physically fit and not interested in sport was suspect. "Homosexual" was a word found only in medical books, but "sissy" served a broad semantic spectrum in its place. It is not an accident that the Packers began in Green Bay, Wis. as early as 1919 rather than in Boston or Miami.

It was not until the Depression that the frontier ethic was challenged on a broad front. That vast breakdown in economic and social structures enforced upon the young the necessity to question doctrines that had been accepted for a century. Thus my own generation's radicalism, not only in politics but in attitudes toward athletics. We had been led, because of our peculiar history, to associate manliness, sport and economic individualism with a system that had failed us as individuals, a system that was in every identifiable sense bankrupt. Because of our attitudes, the older generation proclaimed loud and clear that we were mental and physical misfits and that we would never be ready to fight the coming war. Almost all the charges that are made against the radical young today were made against us, and we paid just about as much attention to them. We had ceased to equate football with warfare, but we knew that when war came we would acquit ourselves as well or better than our fathers had.

That confidence, born of economic survival in the Depression and later of survival in World War II, probably did more to rid sport of the curse of pseudovirility than any other factor. Certainly since World War II it has been possible for a young man to have a natural interest in sport, together with a natural interest in the arts, politics or any other physical and intellectual pursuit, without self-consciousness or embarrassment. The proof is in the grandstands. At a sporting event today is a far wider selection of the society than in the past, including men who, a few

continued



Memories of frontier life were still fresh in the minds of Midwesterners in the '30s, and sons were expected to prove their manliness through sport.



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years ago, would not have dreamed of watching a baseball game or of encouraging their young to do so.

At the same time, as every fan knows, many athletes themselves are different from their prototypes of the '20s and '30s. The .300 hitter no longer is likely to be a boozing womanizer in his spare time, who when he retires opens a saloon in his home town and lives out his days in a beery haze reminiscing about past glories. Instead, he may well have finished college and have a wife, two children, two houses and a share in a brokerage firm. The modern fullback is not the broken-nosed bruiser of legend, communicating only in grunts, but an articulate, even elegant, gent who gives as much thought to his future after his playing days as to the team's playbook.

Even though both professional and college sports may have lost some of their earlier color with the passing of their flamboyant heroes, they have gained a great deal by the caliber of the attention they have recently drawn. Having ceased to symbolize the frontier ethic of virility, sport in the U.S. increasingly symbolizes what it is supposed to have meant to the Greeks, a sound mind in a sound body, the product of a psyche at one with itself and its world.

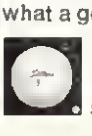
A sense of the changed attitude toward sport—not only among students but among a large, variegated public—can be found in a recent play, *The Great White Hope*, by Howard Sackler. The play, which received considerable acclaim when staged in Washington, deals with the career of Jack Johnson, the legendary Negro fighter whose career ended when he allegedly threw the world championship. It explores certain basic American attitudes toward boxing and, by implication, toward all sport; it places race relations in special focus and it works through various dubious nooks and crannies in our national character. For virtually the first time sport is used in a serious dramatic work in such a way that a valid statement is registered about society.

All this, I think, makes it safe to say that we are seeing the coming of age of sport within the framework of our society. Sport is attaining its rightful place. Generations of coaches have spoken piously about the benefits of sport to society, but only now, perhaps, with the appearance of a new attitude, can their words take on a true meaning. **END**

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It's twice as strong and lasts more than twice as long as wide tread tires that come on most new cars

The secret is in the construction.

The tread is beefed up with belts of fiber glass. Two strong, flexible belts of fiber glass that run under the tread. Around the tire.

And the sidewalls are reinforced with flexible nylon cords

So the tread pattern stays flatter. That means a better hold on the road.

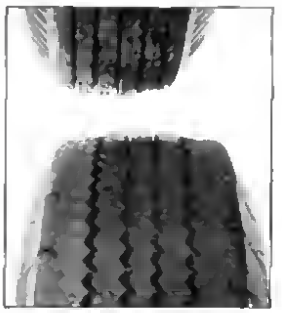
Great Form

The fiber glass belts keep the tire in great form. And the tread doesn't squirm where it meets the road.



Because there's less rolling resistance where the tread grips the pavement, you get reduced stress. Better gas mileage

And longer tread life. From 2 to 3 times the tread life of wide treads on most new cars.

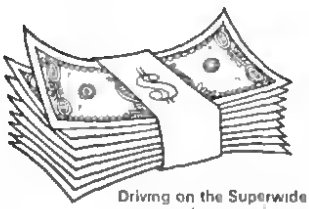


No wonder we call it the Superwide

Big and Strong

The Sears Superwide-Tred packs extra heft. It's 15% heavier than most new car wide treads

And strong. It's more than twice as strong in the tread.



Driving on the Superwide is a rewarding experience.

It's more resistant to impact damage, too

Non-belted tires stretch while they're being inflated —and even later, when they're on the road

The fiber glass belt virtually eliminates stretching in the tread. So the tire is more resistant to road hazards (It'll help you understand this if you think of how much more vulnerable a rubber band is when it's stretched.)

Depending on your size the Sears Superwide-Tred sells for $33.14 to $45.84 with old tire. Federal Excise Tax included. No money down on Sears Easy Payment Plan

And there's no haggling about cost either. At Sears Roebuck and Co. the advertised price is the selling price

Put a set of these broad-shouldered brutes on your car now

The Sears Superwide-Tred. With fiber glass belts—a couple of safety belts for the road

Sears Superwide-Tred Guarantee

If tire fails from road hazards or defects, we will exchange it for a new one during the life of the original tread, charging only for tread used. Charge will be pro-rata share of the then current regular selling price plus F.E.T.

Nail punctures repaired at no charge

Sears

ALLSTATE

You can't do better than Sears

◆ Actor **Robert Redford,** in Aspen to survey possible locations for the ski movie he is producing, ran across Billy Kidd, whom he had last seen crashing down the slopes at Grenoble. Maybe it is the memory of that ordeal that makes Redford, who took up skiing five years ago, so sure he knows just what he wants to say in the film, tentatively titled *Downhill*. "It will not be a nice movie," he says, "in fact, it will be quite brutal. When a racer falls, his broken body is dragged off the course to make room for the next man." That is pretty unconventional stuff for a conventional enough plot in which star Redford portrays a racer who does not make the national team because he can't get along with his coach. When a regular gets hurt, Redford is called in and posts the fastest time in the downhill. But even as hordes of admirers close in, it is announced that another racer is coming down with a faster time. Everyone leaves to greet the new winner, who proceeds to fall just before the finish line. Redford won't say whether Kidd is the model for his off-again, on-again, off-again, on-again hero.



◉

A young girl, wearing only a bathing suit under her coat, caught in a wild riot in the Latin Quarter of Paris—it has to be the filming of a movie. It wasn't. Canadian skier **Nancy Greene** was water-skiing on the Seine for a French picture magazine when she remembered another appointment, flung on her coat and jumped into a cab. In no time she found herself caught on the Boulevard St. Michel in the midst of a battle between thousands of students and police, tear-gas grenades exploding around her and paving blocks flying over her head. The skirmish finally subsided, and the young skier emerged safe, if shaken. "I wasn't *afraid*," she reported, "but I did cry."

◆



Charles de Gaulle's early tastes and tactics in games may have been portentous. A new biography, *Le Général*, reveals that as boys Charles and his brothers played war with toy soldiers. Brother Xavier always played emperor of Germany; Charles, king of France. As a young adult, President de Gaulle acquired a taste for dominoes but was a poor sport, and he was worse about bridge. Now De Gaulle is a rabid Rugby fan. During televised matches he comments out loud on the games and is furious when a French team is beaten. He even uses sports phrases in state business. When British Prime Minister **Harold Wilson** defied De Gaulle and tried to push England into the Common Market, De Gaulle quipped, "He's a lineman who thinks he's an offensive back."

◉ It is easy enough to have your cake and eat it, too, if the cake weighs 569 pounds. **Willie Mays** was in Houston when his 37th birthday hit and Astro Owner **Roy Hofheinz** had his caterers whip up a little something. It took 3,800 eggs, 150 pounds of sugar, 150 pounds of butter, 300 pounds of flour and 100 pounds of almonds for a cake weighing in at one pound for each of Willie's home runs. Willie shared it with the Astros and his teammates and sent the rest to the Texas Children's Hospital. As for the ball game the Astros took it from the Giants 10–2, the real piece of cake in anybody's book.

Considering that she is a Scotswoman and the Scots are supposed to be pinchfists, plus the fact that she plays no golf herself, **Mrs. Gena MacKinnon** has been generous to the Linlithgow Golf Club near Edinburgh. Mrs. MacKinnon is chairman of the board of the Drambuie Liqueur Co. Ltd., her family having been fortunate enough to receive the recipe for his personal liqueur from Bonnie Prince Charlie and shrewd enough not to let anyone else have a look at it. Some time ago she not only saved the Linlithgow Club from the plow but purchased enough additional land to expand it from nine to 18 holes. The gesture won her the honor of making the opening shot of the new season. She put in a good deal of practice, swinging at little potatoes with a walking stick, but on opening day an honest observer could only say of her drive, "Well, she made contact."

Arnold Cream is running for county sheriff in Camden, N.J. The face is familiar, but the name? Why sure, it's **Jersey Joe Walcott,** former heavyweight champ, now 54 and 20 pounds over his ring weight. Joe is campaigning on a platform of peace, nonviolence and understanding among the races. "This is the greatest nation in the world," he says. "The opportunity is here, but if you want to take something out of it you must put something into it." The former champ has the backing of both Negro and white businessmen, who claim his work during the last 14 years as juvenile police officer and, more recently, as head of the city's Juvenile Affairs and Community Relations Committee has helped avoid rioting. "If you're around when trouble starts, it's easy to stop," he says. "It just takes a little understanding. They never ask for my autograph in the ghetto. Out there a handshake is more important." Why run as Arnold Cream? "I've never changed my name legally," he confesses.



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RUGBY / *Joe Jares*

Old Blue slashes 'em again

Fifteen ostensibly genteel sportsmen, who comprise the most feared Rugby club in the East, fought their bloody way to victory in Virginia

Members of the Old Blue Rugby Football Club are infamous within their sport, and that's the way they like it. They live up to a proud tradition: play to the edge of the rules, win at any cost and drink the other guys under the table at the beer party afterward. They were No. 1 (for the third time) in the Eastern Rugby Union last year but won no sportsmanship awards. At a recent tournament, the official program said of them, "Dressed appropriately in black (some would say the color of their souls), the Old Blue's rugby fifteen has earned the hatred, envy and despairing admiration of every team in the East."

That was no exaggeration. In one recent game an Old Blue player was stretched out on the field, unconscious. A fan of the other team, frustrated and angry as he stalked the sideline, said, "I don't want to sound like a bad sport, but I hope that man is dead."

The club's credo was written by Machiavelli. Intimidate the foe with those ominous jerseys. Make it a hard, nasty struggle within your own squad to win a first-string spot. Don't just tackle, but swarm on the ballcarrier like maddened wasps. In a scrum, when everybody is locked together, shoving, grunting and kicking at the ball, who's going to notice if you bite an opponent's ear? Whenever a dropkick by your side goes even remotely near the goal, influence the referee by throwing up your arms in triumphant joy before he has a chance to signal yes or no.

For a time Old Blue consisted almost exclusively of ex-Columbia students, but it has broadened its membership to include a rich variety of Americans and even some foreigners, such as Derek Bush, who played for Brazil's national team and was Rugby captain at Yale. David Hess is a guitarist, folk singer and songwriter. Bob Baden is comfortably retired at age 42 and has traveled around the world on a motorcycle. Captain Tom Haggerty was a Columbia halfback. Goldwater Republican Al Butts plays side by side in the backfield with conscientious objector Roger Dennis, an ex-pro football flanker who works for the Urban League in Harlem.

One of the Old Blue bounders, a roughneck named Bill Smith, writes oil-industry news for *The New York Times*, still plays Rugby and is, in fact, one of the best props in the East. He is well remembered at Columbia for leaping off the balcony at a banquet and landing on the dean's table. He was summoned to the good man's office the following Monday. "I thought when you landed, 'God, I hope it's a Princeton man,' " the dean told him, "but when you started to dance with me, I recognized you."

Apparently Columbia was a permissive sort of place even then, because Smith was *not* kicked out of school. He continued to be a rowdy rugger right into his alumni years and led Old Blue's 1966 tour of Great Britain, where it won six of nine games and all 20 of the beer parties.

As Machiavellian and Falstaffian as it is, Old Blue also has talent to spare. It probably gets the ball out from the scrum faster than any team in the U.S. The backfield is quick, the kicking is accurate and strong and the players know



BECAUSE OF A MIXUP, OLD BLUE HAD TO WEAR STRIPED SHIRTS AGAINST VIRGINIA INSTEAD OF TRADITIONAL BLACK

the rules better than most Britons. Obviously, Old Blue is a most consistent winner, the latest good example being the Commonwealth Cup tournament held a fortnight ago at the leafy University of Virginia.

"Commonwealth Cup" sounds like a grandiose sporting event, with a special box reserved for royalty, but it actually has no seats for anyone, no tickets, no jersey numbers and thus no scorecards, and not even much of a cup. The tournament trophy is a battered old pewter mug that was bought at an antique store for $5.25—only after the failure of a widespread search for a suitably well-worn spittoon.

Rugby is a casual sport, and the club at Virginia, which has nothing to do with the department of intercollegiate athletics and not much to do with training rules, tries to keep it that way. At the Commonwealth Cup tournament girls in miniskirts and men in Bermuda shorts lounged on a grassy hillside overlooking Nameless Field (that's its name). Dogs romped up and down the sidelines, and the goalposts were slapdash constructions of bamboo.

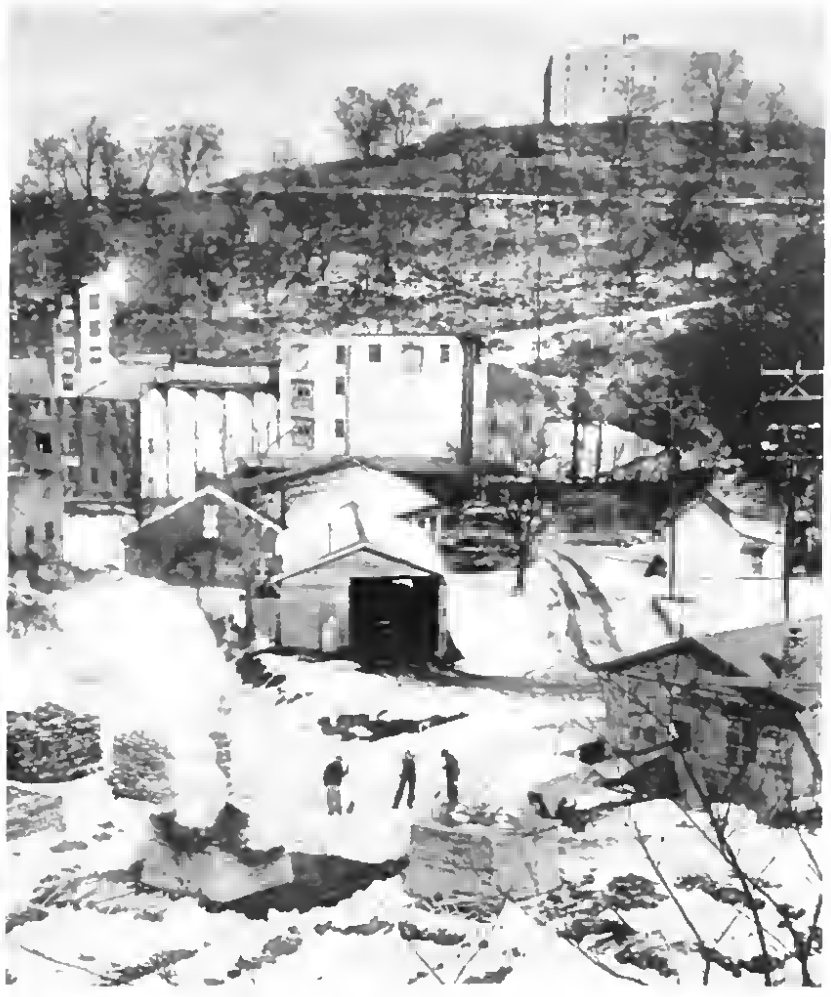
With Old Blue, the defending champ, and Virginia, the tourney entries included Williams College, U. of Wisconsin, Brown University, Baltimore Rugby Football Club, Toronto Old Boys and a club from Richmond, a last-minute substitute for the New Providence All-Stars from Nassau, who neglected to tell anyone they were not coming.

Fittingly, the title game on a sunny Sunday afternoon was between Old Blue and Virginia, two very different teams. The collegians were a mishmash of undergraduates, med students, law students and even an assistant professor of English, Alistair McKay Duckworth, who knows a lot about drop-kicking and 19th-century English novels. They were wearing brand-new dark-blue-and-orange-striped jerseys that were brought down from Canada by the Toronto Old Boys.

Mishmash or not, the Cavaliers of Virginia were tough and full of college spirit. Butch Dietler, one of Virginia's wings, was the school's intramural boxing champ. Inside Three-quarter Julian Raney led the Eastern Rugby Union in scoring last year.

Old Blue had several handicaps. There were not enough black jerseys brought along, so it was outfitted in blue-and-

continued



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white stripes that looked much less terrifying. Two stars also were missing. John Wellington, Columbia's director of admissions, was busy with the student rebellion and Scrum Half Dick Donelli stayed home with his wife, who was expecting twins. Also, 14 kegs of beer had been consumed the night before at a rugger party.

The game had just gotten underway when Old Blue was saddled with another handicap. Virginia's Butch Dietler tackled Wing Harry Hersh and the collision caused every beer can in the vicinity (and there were many) to pop open by itself. Hersh was lying there, out cold, neatly holding the ball on his chest like a corpse holding a lily. He was taken to the university hospital with a concussion and did not return to action. There are no substitutes in Rugby, so Old Blue had to go with 14 men.

Almost immediately afterward Lineman Mike Shonstrom caught a hip with the top of his head and was knocked out. When he came to on the sideline he did not have the faintest idea where he was. Two down, 13 to go. The game was stopped nine times for injuries, seven of those to Blues.

Virginia took the lead when Alistair Duckworth made a dropkick from 20 yards out, but Old Blue couldn't get by the bamboo curtain at all in the first half, even though Shonstrom returned. The Cavaliers led 3-0.

A nifty play by Derek Bush tied it up just after half time. He was awarded a penalty kick about 10 yards out from the Virginia goal but at an impossible angle. He noticed the opposition backing up and talking among themselves, so he pulled a tricky little maneuver that is perfectly legal in Rugby. He kicked the ball a teeny bit, picked it up, faked to Tom Haggerty and raced for the end zone, diving in for the try. He missed the conversion.

Old Blue went ahead to stay when Carlos Blanco ("Just call me Charlie White") kicked a little squibber into the Virginia end zone and Bush fell on it for another try. And that is how it remained. Desperately kicking out of trouble, surreptitiously grabbing a Virginia jersey now and then in line-outs, constantly checking with the referee on the time remaining, Old Blue just did manage to hold off the Cavaliers from tying the score. When the ref blew his whistle after the second 40-minute half Virginia was within a few feet of the goal, but the score was still 6-3, Old Blue.

"I suppose it's an honor to be on the same field with Old Blue," said Professor Duckworth, as one of his young teammates sat on the grass nearby with his head buried in his arms, the picture of defeat and exhaustion.

Somehow Old Blue had forgotten to bring down the Commonwealth Cup from New York. Probably thought it would be such a bother to have to haul it back again. So Captain Tom Haggerty, in a ceremony conducted on the rear of a truck, was given a trophy perfectly symbolic of Rugby and Old Blue—an empty beer can. **END**

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You'll see the added dash of the monk strap on many men's shoes this season. And now Foot-Joy borrows the idea to give fashion-minded women the smartest golf shoes afoot. A fusion of chic styling and sublime comfort, thanks to Foot-Joy's exclusive Doral last and soft, flexible Lite-Joy construction with cushion insole. Style 90753—smooth black calf and white washable calf wing tip. Style 90761—white washable shrunken calf wing tip. At your golf professional's. Brockton Footwear, Inc., Brockton, Mass. 02403

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Have your gasoline service station add STP to your motor oil.

Then try to slow down near a paint store.

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The racer's edge



BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

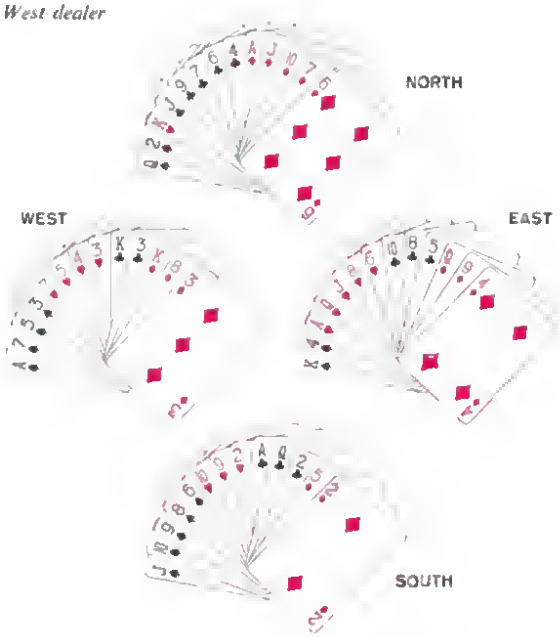


Rixi and Fritzi make a swashbuckling pair

"What a way to win six ungrateful friends and two undying enemies," said Margaret Wagar, the new nonplaying captain of the United States Women's Team for the upcoming World Bridge Olympiad. She had been referring to her unpleasant duty, following a four-pair Trials at the Regency Club in New York last month, to select the three partnerships that would make the trip to Deauville, France in June and the one pair that would stay at home.

Though Margaret had long-experienced Oswald Jacoby as her adviser, it was a matter for Margaret to decide, and she was confronted with an embarrassment of talent. The U.S. Women's Team is an overwhelming favorite to take the Olympiad title, both on its own merits and because the 1964 champion, Great Britain, will not be defending. When the British asked the World Bridge Federation whether a team that included Terence Reese would be allowed to enter the Open Team event, the WBF ruled in the negative. Since a British hearing had found Reese and Boris Schapiro not guilty of the cheating charges (SI, June 7, 1965), the British Bridge League decided to send no teams at all. A British Open Team, with or without Reese, would have ranked as no better than third choice to take the world title, but the British ladies, with their star pair of Rixi Markus and Fritzi Gordon reunited, would have rated as at least co-favorites in their Olympiad event.

East-West vulnerable
West dealer



WEST (Mrs. Markus)	NORTH	EAST (Mrs. Gordon)	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	1♥	PASS
4♥	4 N.T.	PASS	5♣
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

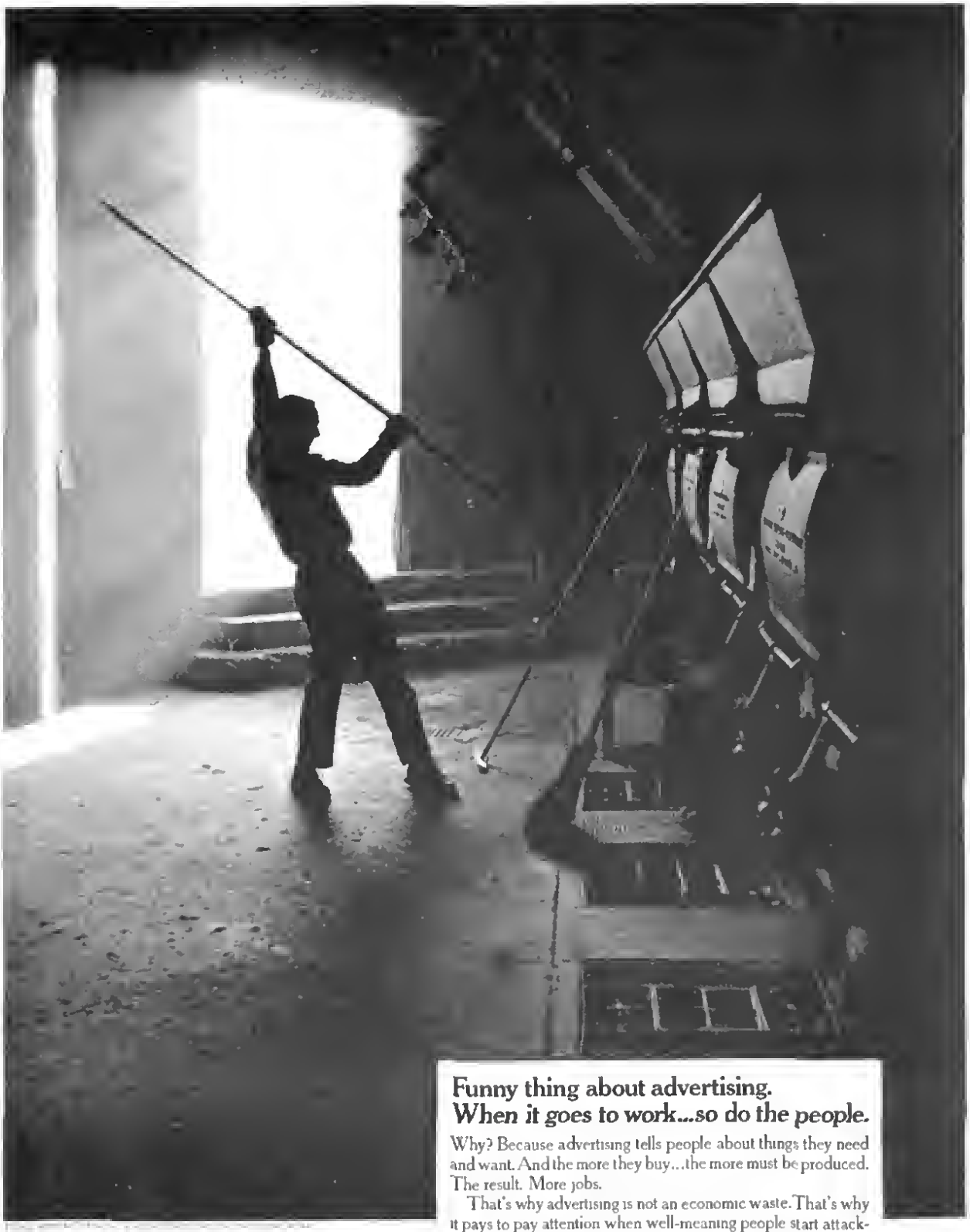
Opening lead: 7 of hearts

Rixi is undoubtedly the best of Europe's women players, possibly the best in the world. Her swashbuckling style, reflected in the title of her book *Bid Boldly, Play Safe*, puts enormous pressure on her opponents, as shown by this hand from the British ladies' last Olympiad match against the U.S. team.

In the other room the American West player bid a conservative two hearts over one heart by partner, and after North's "unusual" two-no-trump butt-in and South's three-club response, West's rebid of three hearts was passed out. At full stretch, most players would be content to jump to three hearts with West's cards the first time, but the bold-bidding Rixi went all the way to four, forcing North to trot out the unusual no trump at the four level. The resulting five-club contract was severely punished by an exact defense.

Rixi's top-card lead in hearts indicated no longer than a four-card suit, so East felt sure she would find high cards in her partner's hand. This emboldened her to lead the spade king and continue with the 4 to Rixi's ace. A third round of spades was ruffed by dummy's 9 of clubs and overruffed by East's 10. Dummy ruffed the heart continuation, and after leading a club to her ace, declarer continued spades, discarding a diamond from dummy. East ruffed, and there was no way for declarer to avoid the loss of another trump trick and a diamond.

East-West collected 900 points, which would have shown a considerable profit even if the U.S. pair had reached the makeable four-heart game at the other table. As it was, the total swing of 730 points was worth 12 IMPs and, with only five boards played, Britain's lead was boosted to 28-2. The U.S. never recovered. END



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2. We could stop covering many key surfaces with a corrosion-resistant layer of nickel.

3. We could skip removing burrs from every part of the movement.

4. We could stop cleaning movements ultrasonically.

5. We could skip polishing some of the parts you never see, but they wouldn't work as well.

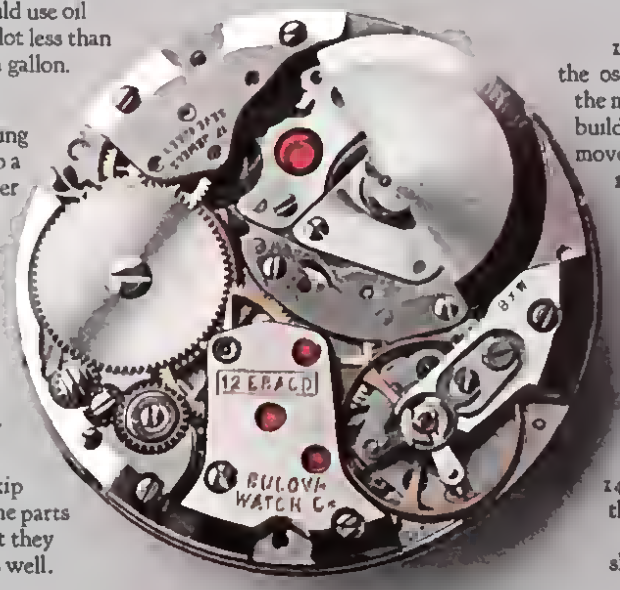
6. We could have parts exposed instead of protectively encased.

7. We don't have to use more gold on the case than government standards require. But a case wears better that way, especially around the edges.

8. We could hand-polish the case instead of diamond-polishing it, but it wouldn't be as lustrous

9. We could use steel tools instead of expensive diamond tools to cut the bevel edge, but the edge wouldn't be as smooth.

10. We could test every tenth watch for water-proofness instead of every watch.



11. We could *add* the oscillating weight onto the movement instead of building it right into the movement, but it would make the watch bulky.

12. We could use a guard pin that's easier to make but doesn't fit as well.

13. We could stop using a precision hairspring and buy one of lesser quality.

14. We could spend less on the shock-resistance unit, but it wouldn't take shocks as well as this one.

15. We could make crude punched holes instead of smooth shaved holes.

16. We could make a 3-piece case instead of a 1-piece case, but it wouldn't be as waterproof* and dustproof.*

17. We could use embossed numerals instead of hand-applied numerals.

18. We could skip hand-polishing the numerals and hands, but why skimp now?

19. We could skip hand-brushing the dial, but then the fa'e wouldn't be as beautiful.



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Lee cools the Mighty Burner

Villanova's impressive sophomore quarter-miler, Larry James, was caught and beaten at the West Coast Relays by powerful Lee Evans of San Jose

San Jose State Coach Bud Winter, the grand guru of sprinters, can expound for hours on such intricacies as just how tight shoelaces should be for the 100-yard dash or the wind resistance of a crew cut as opposed to a pompadour. Among those who have studied at his speed academy are Ray Norton, a 1960 Olympian, and Tommie Smith, current holder of eight world records. Obviously, then, when a human form flashes by leaving sonic booms in its wake, Winter takes notice. He saw Villanova's Larry James in one meet earlier this year, and that was enough.

"He has that gazellelike smoothness that Tommie has, kind of like pouring cream on a dance floor," Winter said. "Speed plus smoothness. Right away, at first glance, I could see he was a jewel."

Winter could hardly be blamed for rhapsodizing. While Villanova teams were winning an unprecedented five races at the Penn Relays, James, a quiet sophomore from White Plains, N.Y., ran a 440-yard anchor lap in 43.9, the fastest a human being had ever covered that distance. He also ran a 45.2 out of the blocks in a dual meet, won the NCAA indoor 440 and came within .6 second of the world record in the indoor 500. A jewel indeed, especially since he is a very promising triple-jumper and intermediate hurdler as well.

Last weekend Villanova sent James and nine other athletes to the West Coast Relays in Fresno, Calif., the track meet, the official program proudly claims, "where world records are broken." Well, so much for slogans. Not one world record fell, and that was not the only surprise for promoters and fans. Villanova's swift two-mile relay team, anchored by

continued



MUSCULAR EVANS, FINISHING FIRST AT FRESNO, HAS AWKWARD BUT EFFECTIVE STYLE



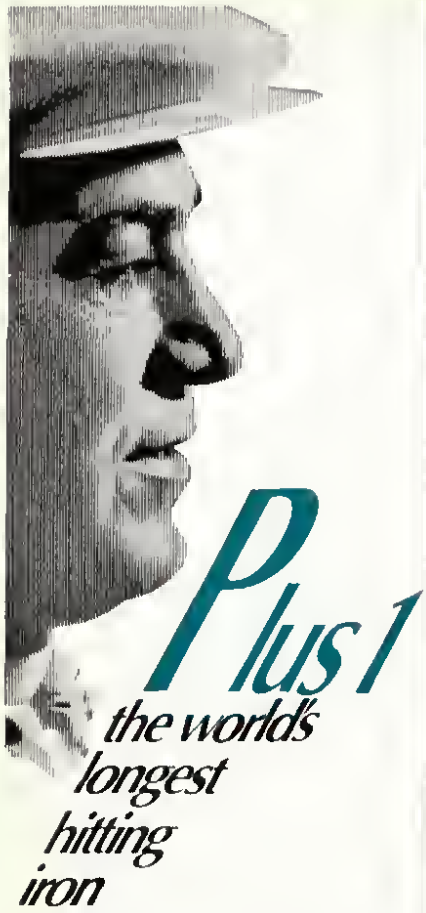
T... KIPCORO, Middle: LTD, Bottom: EVERGLADE

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Dave Patrick, easily beat Kansas, anchored by the meet's biggest drawing card, Jim Ryun, and Larry James, the Mighty Burner, was defeated on the anchor leg of the mile relay by one of those star Bud Winter sprinting pupils from San Jose State.

James's conqueror was Lee Evans, one of the world's best quarter-milers in 1967 and one of the exponents, with Tommie Smith, of the Olympic boycott movement by Negroes. Evans had been pushed out of the spotlight a bit by an injury and by James's sudden success, so he was looking forward to the last lap of the mile relay Saturday night, the very last event of the two-day track-and-field carnival. The match-up was certain to present a contrast in styles. The slender James is every bit as creamy smooth as Winter described, whereas the hulking Evans runs as though he was trying to wiggle out of a tight corset.

But Winter cautioned, "Never bet against Evans, because he's *there* at the finish. The fact that he was twice national AAU champion shows he can stand the competition. Evans says he hopes he gets the baton a yard behind James. I don't know why he wants to be behind, but it's a good sign. He's a tiger from behind. Still, when you've got a guy like that in front of you. . . ."

Evans did his first speed work of the season in the week preceding the meet and also did his homework on Villanova. "I read that James likes to catch up right away," said Lee. "I'm not that way. If I'm behind James, I'll pick up slowly. If I get the baton ahead of him and he passes me, I'll stay on him and try to outkick him."

Fifty minutes before the mile relay, Evans anchored San Jose's 880 relay team, watching Kansas anchorman Ben Olison over his shoulder and running just fast enough to win. Then he rested in the team bus until Winter called him 15 minutes before the big race to run a few warmup wind sprints. By race time the temperature on the floor of Ratcliffe Stadium had dropped to about 55° but the chilly wind had died down slightly. The seemingly everlasting pole-vault competition had finally ended when USC's Bob Seagren missed his third attempt at a world-record 17' 8½". All 14,000 pairs of eyes were concentrating on the runners.

Villanova's Hardge Davis had a slight lead over San Jose's John Bambury at the end of the first leg. On the second, Villanova's Harold Nichter passed a California runner on the backstretch, San Jose's Paul Myers passed Nichter in the homestretch and an Arizona State man passed them both but fouled up the baton pass. Jeff Péo of San Jose led most of the third leg, but once again Arizona State took the lead at the last moment and once again had a bad exchange. These preliminary laps were important only in that they helped to determine who would be better off, Evans or James, after the final exchanges.

James got the better baton pass and jumped off three yards ahead, just about the way Evans had said he wanted it. They stayed that way until the last curve and into the homestretch, when Evans started to inch up on James. Evans, squirming and thrashing, finally caught him 50 yards from the tape. Keeping his knees churning high in time-honored Bud Winter fashion, he edged steadily ahead to win by five yards.

Winter, sitting directly even with the finish line and about 15 rows up, timed Evans' quarter in 44.4, half a second slower than James's 43.9 relay leg at the Penn Relays but still faster than the official world record. James was clocked in 45.5.

Jubilant teammates and fans hoisted Evans on their shoulders and carried him across the infield and back again. Relaxed now, he was smiling and waving. He said, "On the last curve I thought, 'Can I get him?' I was tired, and so was he. But then I caught him coming out of the curve. I didn't pass him just then, but I had confidence. I wanted this one bad."

The earlier two-mile relay victory made Villanova's trip worthwhile, but it was about the only thing that did. The team's plane from Los Angeles to Fresno was delayed more than an hour on Friday, and Dave Patrick, apparently apprehensive about his meeting with Ryun, could not sit still at the airport. If the flight had been delayed much longer, he might very well have tried to run all the way. Then, when Coach Jumbo Elliott tried to check in at the assigned motel, he found that Villanova had been canceled by mistake.

Finally Jumbo Jim was able to locate a motel down the freeway with enough vacancies, and the Wildcats found a home. He relaxed on his bed and discussed the two-mile relay. "I have the

greatest respect for Ryun," he said. "I think he's the finest runner of the last couple of decades. I know that Dave is going to run a real good half. Ryun is capable of running a real good one, even a superior one. I just hope that Dave will have a pretty good lead."

Ryun and Patrick had met twice before but never outdoors. A year ago they raced in the NCAA indoor 880, after Jim already had run qualifying heats for the mile and 880. Patrick had run only the qualifying half, and a slower one than Ryun's, at that, so he played it smart, set a fast pace and beat Ryun in world-record time. This year, in an indoor mile in New York, Ryun won handily. They could have met again in the NCAA 880 in Detroit, but Ryun elected to go in the mile and two-mile and won both.

"There were people who criticized me for not running in the half against Dave, because he had beaten me in that event the year before," said Ryun. "But the mile-two-mile double in Detroit was much tougher than an 880-mile double."

Before the Fresno race Ryun was relaxed but cold. He enjoys relays and does not feel as much pressure as when he is running strictly as an individual. "I really don't know how fast I will have to run," he said. "If Dave is in the lead, it's not going to be like in the indoor half a year ago. I am a little more ahead in my season now. But in the half you have to run a very smart race at a 1:47 pace. There is just not much time. You can't make mistakes. If I catch him, it will be in a sprint at the finish. I can't let myself get so fatigued that I can't sprint at the end."

Unfortunately, by the time Ryun got the baton he would have had to have a jet engine to catch up. Villanova's first two men, Craig Nation and Andy O'Reilly, opened up five yards on Kansas. The third man, Ireland's Frank Murphy, ran a 1:49.8 to crush Kansas' Gene McClain and give the baton to Patrick with a 45-yard lead. Ryun blazed his final leg in 1:46.8, two seconds faster than Patrick, but only managed to close the gap to 30 yards. Villanova's time was an excellent 7.23.5, although still more than seven seconds off the world record.

"Ryun's time was tremendous in this wind," Patrick commented. "I didn't run all-out on the last lap. I wanted to save something in case Ryun got close. We had hoped to run a world record, but the wind ruined it."

After the meet Ryun flew to Lake Tahoe to inspect the high-altitude Olympic training facilities there. Before arriving in Fresno he had done the same thing at Flagstaff, Ariz., where he has an offer to be a newspaper photographer all summer while he trains for Mexico City. "I am not disappointed with my progress at all," he said. "I think all is going according to plan. I just began some speed work and it takes me about four months of speed work before I run very well. You cannot concentrate so much on it with all the meets going on.

"It's such a long season. There's another five months before Mexico." END

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FRANCIS GOLDEN

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RONSON

Tears for Toe, a bottle of bubbly for Gump

As Montreal clinched the Stanley Cup final over the amazingly stubborn St. Louis Blues, Coach Toe Blake wistfully announced his retirement (again), and Goalie Lorne (Gump) Worsley exercised a hero's prerogative

The fans in the ancient and rickety Montreal Forum took up the chant when the clock said eight seconds to go. "Eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two . . . ," they shouted to a rhythmic handclapping. "One." A St. Louis Blues defenseman, Barclay Plager, snatched the hockey puck at the blue line and flicked it half fast at stumpy Lorne (Gump) Worsley.

The Gumper caught it in his ample midsection and smothered it tenderly, and in a moment he was besieged by cheering teammates, each eager to bestow congratulations on the man who had carried them to a record 13th Stanley Cup title in a near-perfect 13 playoff games—one over the minimum figures for the expanded National Hockey League—with a final 3–2 victory Saturday afternoon.

The Canadiens won, as expected, in four straight games over the spunky Blues, but it wasn't a pipe. Two of the games went into overtime and all four of the Canadiens' victories were decided by the slimmest possible margin, a mere one goal.

Glenn Hall, the Blues' 36-year-old goalie, was the tragic hero of the series, for of course he lost each of the games by that same single goal. But it was Worsley who was *the* hero, for he had picked up the Canadiens at their low point, when big Jean Beliveau, the NHL's premier center, suffered a bone chip in his ankle and was sidelined for almost all of the final series. A veteran of 18 years in hockey, the 39-year-old Worsley had won all 11 playoff games in which he was still awake at the finish. In Montreal's only cup loss, Bobby Hull of the Black Hawks put him to sleep for 15 minutes with an errant knee.

As soon as he could clear a way through the mob on the ice, Montreal Coach Hector (Toe) Blake, 55, cradled Worsley under one arm and walked him to center ice, where a red carpet had been rolled out to make a path to the cup. "Blake kept trying to tell me something," Worsley said later in the dressing room as he clutched a bubbly bottle of Mumm's, "but he was crying so hard he couldn't get the words out."

Blake was crying for a number of reasons. One, he said later, was that he is retiring as coach of the Canadiens after 13 seasons, nine NHL titles and eight Stanley Cup championships. "I've already told the Senator [J. David Molson, the Canadiens' president] that I'm through," said Blake, who retires each spring only to change his mind in the fall. "This time I mean it."

J. C. Tremblay, who had set up a tying goal and scored the winning goal in the final game, also was applauded at center ice. Then the predominantly French-speaking fans in the overheated crowd of 15,505 took up another chant.

"*On veut* Beliveau . . . *On veut* Beliveau," they shouted over and over. "We want Beliveau."

Within moments Big John, the toast of La Belle Province, struggled to center ice on his crutches. Not even Worsley was more roundly cheered.

In the dressing room later Worsley tipped up the cold, green champagne bottle with elan. He wore Blake's stained gray hat pulled down over his floppy ears and the photographers snapped pictures. "They said we couldn't have a bottle apiece," said Worsley. "It would be too expensive. Well, I said the Gumper could have a bottle to himself, all right." And he did.

This is the same Gump—this tiger in the nets—who fears plane travel and on any trip sits stone upright at the first tiny bump, his head rigid, eyes transfixed and knuckles white, as if that big slap-shooter in the sky were coming in



GUMP WORSLEY HITS THE ICE IN A SPLIT—A MOVE TYPICAL OF HIS DESPERATE GAME

on a breakaway. This is the Gump who, some nights after games, walks until sunrise. This is the loner who will sometimes sit by himself in a bistro even if he runs into his teammates.

This, too, is the Gump who got stickwhipped so rudely by Toronto's Tim Horton in one of his first games with Montreal that he was described by a Canadien official as "a pig in a slaughterhouse." The same man said, "He'll never play for the Canadiens again."

And this is the man who nevertheless is so admired now by his Canadien teammates that they kid him with more reverence than rudeness.

In the lingo of the English-speaking Canadien players, their French-speaking mates are "Pep-zees" or "Gorfs." Pepzee stems from a soft drink strike during which Montreal storekeepers would say, "We 'ave no Coke, but we 'ave Pepzee." Gorf is merely Frog spelled backward. Chief gloom-chaser of the Pepzee generation is Winger Claude Provost, who one day last summer conducted a question-and-answer session for his teammates. Charles de Gaulle was coming to visit Expo 67, and the papers were full of the security precautions being taken to protect him.

"Who guard the President of the United States?" Provost shouted. "The Secret Service," he answered. "Who guard the Canadian Prime Minister?" Provost asked. "The Mounted Police."

"Now, *mes frères*," he said in his best Pep-zee accent, "who guard De Gaulle?"

"Gump Worsleeeee"

Gump may not be the best goalie and these Canadiens the best team Blake has coached, but they come close, and it is to the credit of the Blues—mostly to the credit of 34-year-old Head Coach Scotty Bowman—that the series did not turn into a rout.

Outmanned and outgunned, the Blues chose to play tight-checking hockey. They had no other way to go. If they kept the scores down and got lucky, maybe —.

They kept the scores down all right, and their luck was all one might have expected. When it was over, Hall, who took more rounds than an FBI target, dressed quietly and with dignity. He headed back to his Canadian farm to plant his 500 acres and await another season.

"We had nothing to be ashamed of," said Hall. **END**



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For six days a week Welshmen respect the laws against salmon poaching as much as Americans respected Prohibition. A religious people, however, the Welsh usually suspend poaching activities on Sunday—but not a **real** *baddy like Siôn Jones*

BY CLIVE GAMMON

A SUNDAY SIN ON THE RIVER USK



The radio made a noise like a throat being cut, and a gravelly voice came through the darkness. "URA Four to URA One. Blue Ford pickup, registration HDE 878 E, approaching you along B 7737. Out." I could just make out Ron Millichamp alongside me in the Land Rover, fumbling with his end of the linkup and acknowledging the message. Millichamp and I were up to the hubcaps in thick farm mud, lying in ambush up a track that commanded a view of the whole black valley. The nearest I'd been to this kind of conversation before was in front of a television set, taking in a police serial. But it was real enough.

Mid-Wales in midwinter, Llanfihangel Nant Brân on the wild uplands of Breconshire. In the afternoon we had driven north through snow flurries to the high ground. The hill streams were like oiled steel in the last light, running through rock gullies, churning into froth under bare alders. Stone walls, sheep, buzzards. The Black Mountains rolled east to the English border, and when Millichamp slammed the Land Rover door the echoes rattled about like gunfire—not inappropriately.

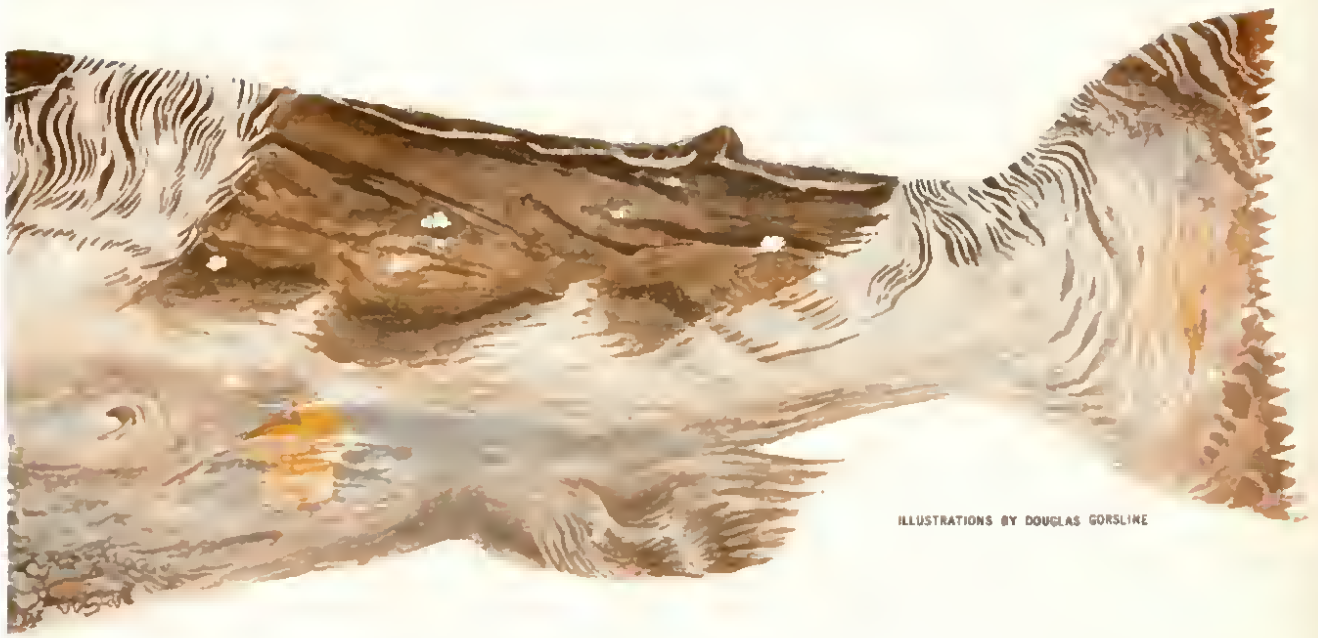
Millichamp was engaged in a battle, though it was one that was to be mostly fought in silence. This was the rough country that he had to hold over the next six weeks, through the crisis period. Tall, dark, a little stooped, he has a nervous intensity of manner that causes him to stammer at times. It was understandable just then when his responsibility was so big.

"Did you bring Polaroids?" he asked. I put mine on and followed him across the road to a small stone bridge spanning the little River Brân that runs into the Usk above Brecon. He was peering over the parapet into the water. "Look at the stones," he said.

The shallow run under the bridge was lined with pebbles. They were gray-green with weed, but farther down they were much paler, gleaming oyster-white in the water.

"See the ones they've turned?" he asked. "Come after me now." I got onto the low parapet and dropped onto the spongy bank below. We scrambled through wet undergrowth for maybe 10 yards downstream, to where the water ran slower and deeper. "Can you make them out?" said Millichamp.

The Polaroids cut through the surface gleam, but it was several seconds before I could make out the big shapes holding still in the current. "That hen would go 20 pounds," said Millichamp. "The cock fish are a good bit *continued*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



smaller." Without the Polaroids the shapes were vaguer, but the colors came out better. I could see the dull gray sides of the female, the red of the male fish, and their great hooked lower jaws that had developed through the summer. Atlantic salmon at the end of their spawning run are the bravest, most beautiful fish in the world when they come into the river with the violet sheen on their silver flanks. But vulnerable always, and never more vulnerable than they were at that moment, though they had passed through extraordinary dangers in the four or five years since they had been spawned in a Welsh hill stream like this one, possibly in this very stream itself.

Before the eggs were hatched in the Honddu or the Brân or the Cilient, hundreds were gobbled by small brown trout. Bigger trout attacked the fry. Little boys and other predators finished off more when they were four or five inches long. Then, with two years of Usk life in them, when they migrated downstream as silvery smolts, cormorants and pike intercepted them. In the estuary, pollack and sea bass ripped into the shoals. But in the North Atlantic they fattened and grew fast until they met the west Greenland nets at Sukkertoppen, the newest and the biggest killing ground of all. Two thousand metric tons of salmon died there in 1966. The survivors began their spawning journey, homing on the Welsh coast. They massed in the tide races of St. Govan's Head and the Helvick Shoals, and the seals and the porpoises found them. In the estuary there were the commercial netsmen; in the Usk, anglers. Two thousand-odd fell to rod and line. Now, at the cold back end of the year, within hours of spawning, they faced the last enemy. The hill-stream poacher with the barbed gaff.

The Welsh bring to killing salmon something of the same enthusiasm that they lavish on Rugby football. The handbook of the Usk River Authority, for whom Ron Millichamp is chief fisheries officer, and in whose area we were operating, sadly states: *The local population regards salmon poaching as a legitimate winter sport.* And has, the handbook might have added, for a number of centuries now. Millichamp, indeed, is one of the few Welshmen who look upon salmon poaching as somewhat more serious than a parking offense. And he regards it with some passion, liking nothing better than to apprehend a poacher. For him, a justly imposed $250 fine is as much a prize as a 20-pound fresh-run spring salmon to an angler. His motivation is not malicious. Purely and simply he loves Atlantic salmon, and this was why, on this hard winter's afternoon, we were reconnoitering the hill streams, looking for the patches of white pebbles where the salmon had used their broad tails to carve out the spawning beds, looking for the vulnerable pools where the fish lie. Looking for other things as well. Tire marks, for instance, on the muddy verges of these little-frequented country roads, where a car may have pulled up on no legal business.

In Wales in mid-December the dark falls early, and as we drove back toward the valley farms, the big, wet snowflakes started again, the kind that look as if they will soon turn to rain. Rain is the poacher's enemy. It swells and discolors the streams until not even experienced eyes can penetrate the water. Millichamp couldn't make up his mind about the rain. The salmon might be safe enough, but there would be no pounce. And he had laid plans lovingly for a big strike that night.

Usually Millichamp's men are spread out on watch right through the 700 square miles of the Usk River Authority's area. But this time there was to be a change. Two lucky men, the pair that normally operate on the Brân, had a special assignment. They would spend the whole evening in the pub as decoys, meant to be spotted there making a night of it, leading the local boys to assume that all was clear. But in this perfect ambush country six Land Rovers, two men aboard each, would be lying up off the roads, and what they would be watching for was a light.

According to Millichamp, poachers have one big disadvantage, since at night they must use a flashlight, if only momentarily. In the valley to the west there was a pattern of legitimate light: the cluster of the village, 10 houses, a chapel and a pub. In all the rest, only three pinpoints to mark the hill farms. Anything out of pattern meant trouble.

All this he explained as we moved down to our rendezvous. Then we were pulling off the road onto a side track and through a farm gate. The other Land Rovers

were pulled up on the cobbles of the yard, and a crowd of men stood around in slickers, all of them noticeably big men, drinking tea out of heavy white mugs. When Millichamp joined them, they went into a football huddle and then broke off in pairs to board their vehicles. URA Two, Three, Four, Five and Six roared off into the darkness, then Millichamp and I in the command car, Usk River Authority One.

Mountain sheep have red, devil's eyes in the dark, I discovered, fortunately for them and their habit of wandering witlessly across the road. An old ewe appeared, looking mildly up the headlight beam at Millichamp as he braked hard. "Even bl- bl- bloody cows have got more sense," he stammered. He was understandably tense; two weeks previously Len Jenkins, now aboard URA Three, missed death by a few inches when he tried to stop a poacher's car on a narrow bridge. Number plates well daubed with mud, it came hard at him, but he moved just fast enough to escape with bad bruising. This was unusual. Poachers are rarely violent, except the big gangs, and Millichamp has not been shot at for almost a year now. But there was a grudge in the air that night. Millichamp felt it necessary that his men should taste a little blood as soon as possible. Metaphorically, of course.



So we were finally in position, backed up in a farm track. There might be hours before the action came, if indeed there would be any action. It was entirely possible that in the farm above somebody had picked up the phone and made a short call. The underground movement is highly organized around here, although the contest has evened out a little since the River Authority equipped its men with radio. According to Millichamp, some oldtime poachers feel that the introduction of such technical devices is highly unsporting. "What's this, bloody *Z Cars*?" shouted one indignant Welshman when he was arrested a month back. *Z Cars* is a popular TV crime series in Britain.

Another ally of the salmon is the recently strengthened British drink-drive law. Three beers now can lose you your license for 12 months, and the boys were always in the habit of tanking up a little before they went out to the river with the gaffs. Not willing to give up this custom, many of them have reverted to traveling on foot and tend to be more vulnerable. So when URA Four told us that a blue Ford was heading our way, it was liable to be an innocent one. It was. "Dai Williams on his way home from Brecon cattle mart," said Millichamp morosely. "We're not looking for him."

I made no comment. My conscience was troubling me. Here I was, sitting in the command car of the good guys, and all the time I was a baddy. I should have been wearing a black hat. I knew who they were looking for. It was a man called Siôn Jones. I also knew where he was. At home, watching television, resting up after his little expedition the previous day.

In Wales men like Ron Millichamp have been looking for men like Siôn Jones for a very long time now, and without a lot of success. The Welsh, many of whom are fiercely nationalistic, have a peculiar blind spot, a chronic inability to understand how a stretch of river that passes through one of their own villages can conceivably belong, let us say, to the vice-president of a chemical fertilizer plant in Manchester. And even if this could be swallowed, the salmon came up from the sea, didn't they? Who did they belong to there? Last week they were downstream at Abergavenny, the week before at Newport. Who did they belong to then?

The Usk River Authority, and others like it in England and Wales, was set up by the Water Resources Act of 1963, and there were plenty of acts before that which made it quite clear that pulling out salmon, except with fully licensed rod and line, was distinctly illegal, but Siôn Jones and his friends justify themselves on the basis of somewhat earlier legislation, instituted in the 10th century by an independent Prince of Wales, Hywel Dda ("Howell the Good"). Hywel was a liberal much in advance of his time. He abolished capital punishment. As far as hunting

continued

and fishing were concerned, his attitude was, *go ahead, boys* —though he reserved nine days a year, from November 1 on, for his personal hunting through the land. But even if you were mannerless enough to kill a stag in the prince's own forest, you simply had to pay up. The price of a goodly ox, his law said, plus 10¢ for the skin.

When the Normans moved into England, things tended to be different. If William I caught you in his deer forest—and he owned all the deer forests—he had your hands cut off. It was this sort of attitude that caused the Welsh to hold out for three centuries against William and his descendants until Llywelyn, their last prince, was hacked to pieces in an ambush at a hill-stream ford, 12 miles north of where I sat that night with Millichamp.

But the Welsh continued to take salmon almost at will until the coming of the railways in the 19th century made it easy for the better-off English to travel for vacations and weekends. "Private Fishing" notices began to appear on riverbanks in Wales, and river watchers were hired. In 1861, on the River Wye at Rhayader, there was open rioting over the closure of the fisheries. The proprietors, who had bought up the rivers, imported Germans and English to guard the banks. One winter's night a band of horsemen rode into Rhayader, ran the foreigners out of town, throwing those who resisted into the river, and then proceeded to the salmon pools. When dawn broke, hundreds of salmon threaded on wire festooned the main street. Salmon decorated the doorsteps of the police station and the magistrates' houses. The horsemen were members of a secret society called The Daughters of Rebecca, who blackened their faces, disguised themselves in women's clothes and more commonly employed themselves in breaking down tollgates and burning the houses of unpopular landlords.

That was the last pitched battle, though. A cavalry regiment moved into Rhayader and the No Fishing notices were nailed up again. Since then guerrilla warfare has been the rule, carried on season after season, with the salmon providing most of the casualties.

The small foray in which I had been engaged the previous day had not been easy to arrange. My first contact with Siôn had come after vettings by two intermediaries, a friend of Siôn's second cousin, then the second cousin. It took the form of a note in neat, old-fashioned handwriting, inviting me to meet Mr. Jones in the Red Lion Hotel in Brecon "to discuss the matter at hand."

I couldn't have missed Mr. Jones. Of the dozen men in the bar, only he looked like a leprechaun, hunched, furtive, ageless, indescribably wrinkled. It would not be long before I discovered that for Siôn furtiveness was a way of life. As all the others loudly discussed the price of Christmas turkeys, Siôn's eyes flickered round and a curled brown finger beckoned me to a seat next to his. He shook out the racing pages of the *South Wales Evening Post* and held them up in front of us. Any half-awake policeman would have taken us in on sight.

His first gambit was to pretend ignorance of the subject. "*Duw Mawr*, fishing? I do a little bit. Fly only, naturally. Tie all my own flies, I do. Out of season now, of course." He broke into a foxy, barking laugh.

"They tell me," I said, giving him the old droopy-eyelid treatment, "that you can give me some information about *watercraft*." Infected by all this secretiveness, I twisted my mouth into a villainous, knowing grin. "You know, *watercraft*." It's not easy being a baddy.

"Who told you that?"

"Elwyn Jones, Penyderyn, your cousin," I said. In Wales, where 90% of the population is called Jones or Thomas, you often use the village name as a means of identification. I didn't mention that Elwyn's price had been two cartons of filter tips. Siôn probably knew. Probably he had shared them.

"He's been telling you lies, then," said Siôn, and wandered off into a short biography of his cousin that featured the latter's meanness and mendacity.

"Ah, go on," said one of the turkey-talking farmers looking round. "Get the man a bloody fish if he wants one."

I could have bought the man a pint on the spot. "That's right, get me a bloody fish," I said to Siôn. "Only I'd like to be with you."

"When are you free?" he asked, apparently unfazed by the breaking of his cover.

"Any time, any time at all," I said eagerly, unwilling to work through the whole process again. "Midnight. Three in the morning. Whenever you like."

"Are you mad?" said Siôn, outraged. "The river's full of keepers after dark. Midday on Sunday, when they're stuffing themselves with food and reading the papers. That's the time."

He promised to call me when conditions were right, and three nights later he did. My small son took the call, and when I came in he said, "A funny old man told me to say the chickens is on the nest." I waited confidently for him to ring again. "Are you ready to pluck the chickens?" he was whispering to me hoarsely a few minutes later. I was getting tired of this Celtic circumlocution.

"You mean go up the river for a salmon," I said. I was treated to the barking laugh again, then he told me to call at his house the next Sunday at 12:30, not before, he explained, or I'd bump into them all coming out of bloody chapel. The Welsh, except for backsliders like Siôn, are an intensely religious people. Poaching was no sin, but poaching *on a Sunday!* A different matter entirely. "Bring your car," said Siôn, and the old warning lights began to flash in my head. Wasn't there some law about a car being considered legally part of a poacher's equipment, and hence liable to confiscation? "I expect I will," I said guardedly. I needn't have worried, in fact. I looked it up later, and it's only under Scottish law that happens.

He wasn't there at 12:30, of course. That would have been too straightforward. A tiny, ancient lady sat alone in

continued



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the kitchen. "*Bwrw dda,*" she said, twiddling shyly with her hearing aid. I had to confess that I did not have the old tongue. "*Saes?*" she said. "English?" No, I said, but the Welsh language had gone entirely from where I lived in the industrialized south.

"Siôn will be in soon," she said. "He's got to be here soon to make the gravy. I can manage the chops myself, but he's got to make the gravy. How old do you think I am?"

"Sixty?" I ventured politely.

"I'm 83 years old and I can't make the gravy anymore!" she pealed triumphantly. "Here's Siôn coming now."

He slid into the kitchen looking guilty and hunted. "Mrs. Williams will be coming in to do the gravy, mam," he said defensively. "I got to go up the river."

"Mrs. Williams makes nasty old gravy. But go on, you," she said severely. I had the feeling that Siôn was going to suffer for this later on. I followed him outside, feeling guilty as well. Not only was I going to take part in an illegal act, but I was the cause of an old lady getting inferior gravy with her Sunday dinner.

"Never mind her," said Siôn boldly, once we were *well out of* earshot. "We'll go on up."

That meant driving to the pub and secreting the car in the yard behind it, then moving up-country on foot. I was more than a little nervous at this point. There I was, *persona grata* with the River Authority, a holder of one of their salmon-rod licenses for more than 10 years, the respectable angling correspondent of a British national newspaper. In a week's time I was due to speak as guest of honor at the dinner of a salmon fishermen's association. Subject: The Atlantic Salmon—Can It Survive? I was going to look fine in front of the magistrates. "I went with him out of curiosity, your honor." That didn't sound too good. "I wanted to see how it was done. . . ." Worse still. "Duty to the reading public. . . . Journalist's responsibility. . . . We must know our enemies. . . ." Something like that. Siôn cheered me up by telling me that, though he had been a poacher for 40 years, he

continued



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had never been caught. Or, at least, successfully prosecuted, though he had been arrested and searched a few times. "They got my picture pinned up in the station in Brecon," he said proudly.

As he walked, he outlined his philosophy. As a poacher, he was a stern traditionalist. He despised the new sort, the gangs who worked the big river in low-water summer conditions, driving up from the industrial cities of south Wales, putting on scuba suits to drive salmon and sea-run trout into fixed trammel nets, or using cyanide bombs to suffocate the fish and send them drifting downstream to a collection point. Wicked and wasteful, he called it. All he took, he claimed, were a few fish for himself and his friends. "It's my right to fish," he said. "If you got a chicken in the yard, well, that belongs to you. But nobody put the fish in the river. They were there in the first place. When I started fishing, I could go anywhere for a half-crown license. My sort can't go anywhere now, or if I can go it's only a few trout. There's no place for me to fish on the big river."

Siôn was dramatizing himself a little now. He could join a club and still fish salmon for around $25 a year. He was just a natural-born poacher, who had caught his first salmon at the age of 10.

"Was that on your half-crown license?" I asked him

"No," he said, "jumping off a rock."

"Jumping where?"

"On my guts on top of it! Twenty-two pounds. Har, har, har!" The foxy laugh again.

Much of the war he spent poaching in the uniform of the Royal Artillery, his talents having been recognized in his early training days in Scotland by a perceptive commanding officer, who sent him on leave to Breconshire to collect his gaff, then relieved him of normal duties so that he could get to work on the Scottish salmon for the benefit of the Officers' Mess. This was the greatest period of Siôn's poaching career, and it culminated, just before he went overseas, with the blowing up of the dam of a small loch and the collection of six sand bags full of trout at the outfall. Life was duller with the Eighth Army in Libya, but in Italy he investigated the resources of what he called some river by Rome. "The Tiber?" I suggested.

"Some bloody river," admitted Siôn. The fish there gave poor sport. ("Small little things like trout, only not trout.") What fascinated him were the water snakes. They beat him at first, then he went at them with a wire snare. He gave out a wild cry in the Sunday silence as he demonstrated how he got them in a noose and flung them through the air. I looked behind, full of apprehension, but Siôn was right. Early on Sunday afternoons mid-Wales eats or sleeps. Morning service is over, and you have to get your

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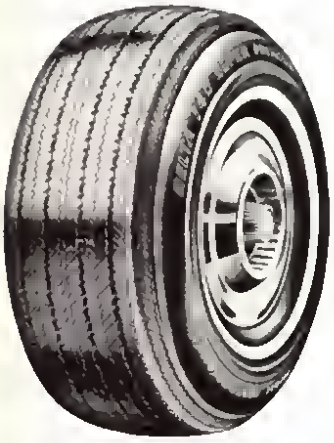
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strength back for evening chapel, where two-hour sermons are not unknown.

We were leaving the trees and the road behind now, and crossing rough moorland, climbing all the time. There was plenty of cover, though, from furze and scrub and the changing contours of the land. We were going to be all right, I kept telling myself. Where we were going, Siôn said, hazelwoods screened the stream. I still hadn't solved the mystery of *how* Siôn was going to catch his fish. He carried no equipment that I could see.

"Wait and see," he said when I asked him. Carrying a gaff is as damning as being caught in the act of snatching a fish. Once an eager young keeper had tried to prove that Siôn had been up to no good on the river by the fact that he had been spotted coming away from it wearing rubber waders. Plenty of evidence was forthcoming that Siôn spent most of his waking hours in waders. Not guilty.

I was glad when we burrowed down into the hazel copse beside the water, well out of sight. I followed Siôn into the shallows and we waded downstream through a thickly woven tunnel of branches until we came to a hollow under the bank curtained by trailing roots. Siôn felt in it and brought out three articles. A roll of cord, a knife and a steel gaff head. "Look after these," he said, and I could see how he had built up his record of 40 years of unconvicted poaching. We came out of the water then, and weaved and ducked our way down the bank, moving fast at a half crouch. Every few minutes Siôn stopped and looked into the water for a few seconds, then moved on fast again. In 10 minutes I was panting hard, and I'd gone into the mud over my knee boots. Siôn, a dozen years older, showed no strain.

"There you are, there's a nest now," he said suddenly, after one of his pauses. I could see the upturned pebbles but no fish. Siôn could, though, and I followed his finger until I could make it out as well. A cock fish, about 15 pounds. We backed away from the stream. "Will he do?" asked Siôn anxiously.

Frankly, in a way, I should have liked

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to have stopped the exercise at that point. Apart from the ethical considerations, December salmon are scarcely worth eating, even smoked. The flesh is pale and flaccid. And there *were* ethical considerations. But another, older part of myself wanted the fish killed. Seeing it lie there so close was as exciting as seeing a big spring fish roll at the fly on a $500 per week stretch on a Scottish river. "Fine," I said.

Then Siôn moved into action with extraordinary speed and agility. First, with his sharp knife he cut a 12-foot-tall hazel sapling; then, without allowing it to fall out of line with the others, he drew it down by the root end until it was on the ground, cut a foot off the top, then lashed on the gaff head with the cord. Then he was down on his belly, extending the gaff across the stream. He made only one stroke, then the fish was coming up the bank as he brought up the sapling hand over hand.

Two thousand miles it had traveled to the Brân, and it flapped there in the mud as the blood ran from its gills onto the dead December leaves, and the white fertilizing milt jetted from its vent. Siôn slammed it with a piece of rock and kicked branches, stones and mud over it as it quivered and died. He cut the gaff head free and propped the sapling back where it had been. "Will you take him home with you?" he said.

"No thanks," I said. It wasn't Siôn's fault. I'd asked him to get me a bloody fish. For information, "I don't eat salmon as a rule," I added hastily.

"I only take the hen fish myself," said Siôn. There was a special reason for this, as I knew. There was money in hens, not much in old cock fish, unless you could find a half-witted hotelier or an Englishman on holiday. A 15-pound hen salmon carries between four and five pounds of eggs, the chief ingredient in a special compound that the Welsh call "jam," a paste of salted salmon roe that is so deadly for brown and sea-run trout that it is illegal everywhere in Britain. Jam fetches $4 per pound in any Brecon pub. Siôn was probably an important supplier.

We put the dead salmon and the knife

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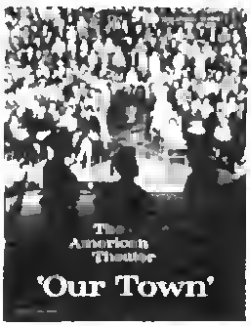
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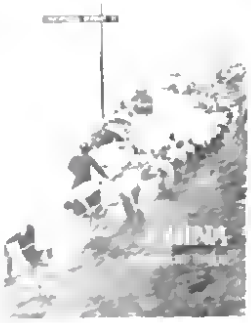








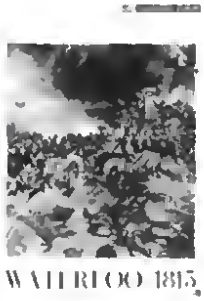








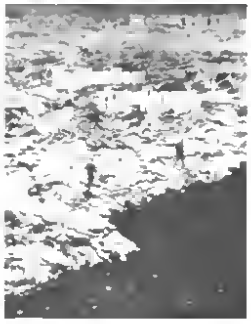








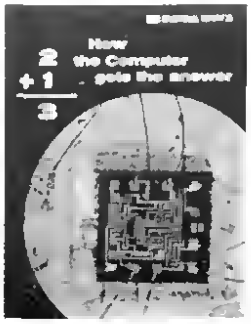












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and the gaff under the hollow bank. Siôn said he would come back for the fish later, but I didn't think he would. We started back for the village, technically, at least, in the clear.

Most Welsh pubs are closed on Sunday by law, so Siôn felt we should have a drink in one. With the air of one who confers a considerable privilege, he ushered me through the back door of his local, and we sat in the bar with the blinds closed. "Are you going out again tomorrow?" I asked him. I knew that Millichamp and his men would be operating, and I owed it to Siôn to keep him from walking into trouble.

"Not tomorrow," said Siôn. "I've had a whisper. And there's *Peyton Place* on the telly."

We sat and drank our pints of Guinness without enjoying them much, more as a kind of dutiful act against the licensing laws. It was time for Siôn to face the wrath of his mam and for me to face my conscience.

It still nagged me as I sat in the dark with Millichamp next night, in URA One. "Don't—er—sit here all night on my account," I said.

"It looks very quiet," he admitted. "Funny thing, I thought we'd have some action tonight. They're a crafty lot of bastards, though."

"Were you out yesterday?"

"No point," said Millichamp. "They're all stuffing themselves with meat and potatoes on Sundays. And the wife's mother was over for lunch."

"Nearly a thousand fish," he said suddenly. "That's what we reckon to lose on the spawning beds in the winter. They'll kill it between them."

There was no action. The expensive radio equipment called the expensive Land Rovers in. At midnight we were back in the village, feeling much, I suppose, as the English knights felt as they gave up the vain pursuit of an enemy that struck and disappeared, then came disconsolately home, sweating and clanking in their expensive armor.

Before this war is ever concluded, the Atlantic salmon will have gone the way of the Welsh beaver into extinction. The Greenland fishery, the salmon disease that started in Ireland in 1963 and has now spread to the rivers of Scotland and North Wales, with pollution and water abstraction, will kill the run in the end. Salmon in Wales are too caught up in old wounds, old pride and old scores to be anything but the losers. It's just as well, perhaps, that Siôn can get *Peyton Place* on the telly. He may need it in the future to help pass the empty winters. END





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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

For the past several years CLEVELAND (6-1) managers have kept tight reins on the pitching habits of their overpowering young staff. Result? They rarely overpowered anyone. This season, new Manager Al Dark told his pitchers, "Here's the ball, do the job." Last week, the Indians' band of liberated young pitchers did the job. They allowed the opposition just 10 runs, ran their season total to nine shutouts in 16 wins. The freest flingers of them all were Luis Tiant, who rolled up his third and fourth straight shutouts, and Sam McDowell (4-1), who is suddenly the strike-out Sam of 1965. CHICAGO's (5-2) pitchers, on a par with the Indians', enjoyed rare support from their hitters, who belted homers in eight straight games as the White Sox took 10 of 16 following their initial losing streak. DETROIT (4-2) combined tight pitching by all four starters and hot hitting by Al Kaline (.421 BA with eight RBIs for the week) and Jim Northrup (.412) to jump into the league lead. Carl Yastrzemski spent an off day looking at TV tapes of his hitting in 1967, hoping to find what was causing his early season slump this year. The BOSTON (4-3) star must have found a clue, because he batted .480 for the week and raised his season's average 63 points. NEW YORK's (3-4) hitters scored just 10 runs all week, but that was enough to gain three wins when Bill Monbouquette, Joe Verbanic, Stan Bahnsen and Mel Stottlemyre combined to hold the opposition to two runs in the victories. CALIFORNIA (3-5) received strong performances from George Brunet (a two-hitter), Clyde Wright and Sam Ellis, but 14 pitchers allowed 21 runs in the team's losses. MINNESOTA (4-4) Manager Cal Ermer had to call in relief pitchers 15 times. Fortunately, on six of those occasions it was Ron Perranoski who walked in from the bullpen. He won three games and totaled 10⅓ scoreless innings for the week. OAKLAND's (4-4) pitching allowed just 12 runs, but the batters averaged .202 and scored only 16 themselves as the A's dropped to fifth. Frank Howard added three homers to bring his season's total to nine, but the rest of the WASHINGTON (2-4) hitters could produce only one and the pitchers twice allowed 12 runs in a game while the Senators fell to sixth place. After rookie Dave Leonhard started off the week by pitching his second win, a one-hitter, BALTIMORE (1-6) went into a nose dive. The Orioles scored only six runs in the losses and gave up the league lead.

Standings: Det 18-10, Balt 16-12, Clev 16-12, Minn 16-14, Oak 14-15, Bos 13-15, Wash 13-15, Cal 14-17, NY 13-17, Chi 10-16

NATIONAL LEAGUE

After five straight tight games, the woes of managing were getting to ATLANTA's (4-3) Lum Harris. They began, surprisingly, with Henry Aaron, whose average had dropped 62 points in two weeks. So, Harris told his star outfielder, "either start hitting or start managing, these one-run games are getting me down." Aaron promptly opted for the active life, busting out of his slump with two homers and four RBIs in the victory that brought the Braves over .500 for the first time since his nose dive began. Led by Jim Wynn, who hit .429 for the week, and Dennis Menke (.364 with six RBIs), HOUSTON (4-2) moved out of the cellar. Wynn's surge was particularly comforting to the Astros as the little slugger, who belted 37 homers in 1967, pulled out of a slump and more than doubled his average while hitting three home runs in the last 13 games. PITTSBURGH (4-2) moved up from eighth to second on tight relief pitching by Ron Kline and Elroy Face, who together allowed no runs in 8⅔ innings and figured in three of the Pirates' wins. Orlando Cepeda (.053 for the week) was another batting star bogged down at the plate, but ST. LOUIS (3-2) still padded its league lead on the timely hits of lesser lights Dal Maxvill, Dick Simpson, Johnny Edwards and Julian Javier. CHICAGO's (3-4) pitchers allowed the punchless Mets and Dodgers 10 homers, including the first National League round-trippers for ex-AL players Rocky Colavito, Zoilo Versalles and Tommie Agee. PHILADELPHIA (3-3) scored six runs a game to reel off three straight wins and jump into second. But the Phils' bats then went cold, causing them to lose twice by 2-1 scores and slip back to fourth. Bill Singer pitched LOS ANGELES' (3-3) first complete game in 17 starts when he shut out the Cubs, but the Dodgers' biggest pitching star was rookie John Billingham, who relieved brilliantly three times and figured in two wins. Willie McCovey, who hit three homers to raise his season's total to nine, could not provide enough power to balance out the 34 runs allowed by SAN FRANCISCO's (3-4) shaky pitching. NEW YORK (3-4) had its usual solid pitching and got a special boost from Jerry Grote (.429 for the week), but the other batters averaged just .189 in the four losses. CINCINNATI (2-5) had plenty of hitting (.307 team average), especially from rookie John Bench and Alex Johnson (.462 and .400 for the week), and wasted it as the pitchers allowed 31 runs on 53 hits, dropping the Reds from second to seventh.

Standings: StL 18-10, Pitt 14-13, SF 15-14, Atl 15-15, Phil 14-14, LA 14-15, Cin 14-15, Chi 14-16, Hou 13-15, NY 12-16

HIGHLIGHT

As almost all boys do, James Augustus Hunter one day ran away from home. Predictably, he did not stay away from Hertford, N.C. long, and when he returned he had in hand a string of catfish. Ever since, Jimmy Hunter, who is now a 22-year-old right-hander with the Oakland Athletics, has been called Catfish. The name became a household word last week when Catfish pitched the American League's first regular-season perfect game in 46 years. The 4-0 win was all the more impressive since it was made at the expense of the slugging Minnesota Twins. After the game Catfish, who had never played in the minors, was razzed by a teammate. "If you'd had any experience," he said, "you might be pretty good by now." That hurt. Hunter, 3-2 this year, has managed to win 33 games while losing only 38 for the hapless A's. In the perfect game, which was watched by only 6,289 fans, Minnesota came close to a hit just once—a hard smash by Bob Allison in the fifth inning that was scooped up by Third Baseman Sal Bando. The rest was all Catfish. Relying mainly on a fast ball and slider, he struck out 11 batters. The last, Pinch Hitter Rich Reese, was the toughest. He fouled off five pitches before missing one to end the game. Flushed by the excitement of it all, Oakland Owner Charles Finley told Hunter he would increase his salary by $5,000 and Catcher Jim Pagliaroni's by $1,000 at a special home-plate ceremony before Saturday's game. Finley awarded the new contracts and Hunter was just as gracious. "Catching is 50% of the game," he said, and thereupon made a presentation of his own to Pagliaroni. It was a fancy gold watch, with an inscription that ended simply, "Thanks, Catfish."



A'S CATFISH: PERFECT-GAME PITCHER

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL Three players from each established club were picked in the expansion draft by Phoenix and Milwaukee, the two new NBA teams. To PHOENIX went Dick Van Arsdale, Neil Johnson and Emmette Bryant of New York, Gail Goodrich, Dennis Hamilton and John Weitzel of Los Angeles, Dave Schellhase, Craig Spitzer and McCoy McLemore of Chicago, Dick Snyder and Gene Tormohlen of St. Louis, George Wilson of Seattle, Roland West and Stan McKenzie of Baltimore, Bill Melchionni of Philadelphia, Dave Lattin of San Francisco, John Barnhill of San Diego, and Paul Long of Detroit. MILWAUKEE took Wayne Embry, Tom Thacker and John Jones of Boston, Guy Rodgers, Bob Love and Gary Gray of Cincinnati, Len Chappell and George Patterson of Detroit. Jon McGlocklin and Dave Gambee of San Diego, Fred Hetzel and Bob Warlick of San Francisco, Bob Olsen and Bob Weiss of Seattle, John Egan of Baltimore, Jay Miller of St. Louis, Jim Reid and Larry Costello, the Milwaukee coach of Philadelphia.

GOLF—GEORGE ARCHER, 28, of Gilroy, Calif. won the $100,000 New Orleans Open with a record 13-under-par 72-hole total of 271, finishing two strokes ahead of runner-up Bert Yancey.

HARNESS RACING—CARDINAL KING ($3.80), driven by Billy Myer, won the $50,000 1½-mile National Championship Pace by a head over Frank T. Ace to take all three legs of Yonkers Raceway's International pacing series. Cardigan Bay, the only other horse to sweep the series in its nine-year history, finished fourth.

HOCKEY—NHL: MONTREAL won the Stanley Cup for the third time in four years, taking four straight games from St. Louis (*page 76*).

HORSE RACING CALL ME PRINCE ($6.20) won the one-mile $58,800 Withers at Aqueduct by 2½ lengths over Salerno.

LACROSSE Undefeated JOHNS HOPKINS gained its ninth victory in a row by swamping Navy 11-3. The loss—Navy's second—knocked the Middies, who held or shared the national title the last eight years, out of the race and left once-tied MARYLAND, a 10-6 winner over Virginia as the only team with a chance to overtake the Blue Jays. The two meet next Saturday in a game that will decide the national championship. The Long Island Athletic Club lost its first game of the season, 12-8, to the MARYLAND LACROSSE CLUB, while MOUNT WASHINGTON beat *Philadelphia 12-9*.

MOTOR SPORTS—GRAHAM HILL of Great Britain averaged 84.42 mph in a Lotus-Ford to take the Spanish Grand Prix in Madrid by 16 seconds over New Zealand's Denis Hulme, driving a McLaren Ford. The victory by Hill in the second Formula I race of the season gave him the lead for the world driver championship.

DAVID PEARSON of Spartanburg, S.C., driving a Ford Torino, won the Rebel 400 stock-car race at Darlington, S.C., with a record average speed of 132.699 mph. Darel Dieringer, in a Plymouth, finished second, less than a lap behind, while Richard Petty of Level Cross, N.C., came in third.

ROWING HARVARD's varsity eight beat Penn by almost a length to win its fifth straight Eastern Sprint regatta at Lake Quinsigamond in Massachusetts. In the Dad Vail Regatta on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River favored GEORGETOWN took the varsity heavyweight race, defeating runner-up Temple by a few feet as two-time defending champion Marietta finished fifth.

SOCCER—NASL: In the Eastern Conference's Atlantic Division, ATLANTA increased its lead over idle NEW YORK to 14 points with a 1-0 shutout of Boston. WASHINGTON moved into third place, three points behind the Generals and four ahead of fourth-place BOSTON, by beating Kansas City 2-1, losing to Detroit 2-1 and tying Cleveland 2-2, while last-place BALTIMORE won its first game of the season, edging Detroit 2-1. CHICAGO tied CLEVELAND for first in the Lakes Division as the Mustangs played three 3-3 ties and the Stockers tied the Whips. DETROIT, with a win and a loss, slipped to third, three points out of the lead, while last-place TORONTO did not play for the second week in a row. In the Western Conference's Gulf Division, HOUSTON moved seven points ahead of runner-up KANSAS CITY by beating the Spurs 1-0. ST. LOUIS tied Chicago and last-place DALLAS was idle. Pepe Fernandez scored three goals and assisted on two others as Pacific Division leader SAN DIEGO walloped Vancouver 5-0. VANCOUVER, with a tie and a loss, climbed into a share of second place with idle OAKLAND, while LOS ANGELES held down the cellar after its tie with the Mustangs.

TRACK & FIELD—Thanks to Lee Evans' anchor legs, SAN JOSE STATE took the 880 and mile relays at the West Coast Relays in Fresno, Calif. (*page 71*).

VOLLEYBALL—At the National Championships in Portland, Ore., the WESTSIDE JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER BLUE of Los Angeles defeated the Outrigger Canoe Club White of Hawaii 15-5, 15-5 for the Men's title. The LONG BEACH (Calif.) SHAMROCKS beat the Renegades Blue of Los Angeles 8-15, 14-12, 16-14 for the Women's championship. SAN DIEGO STATE took Church College of Hawaii 15-5 in the Collegiate Division and the *LONG BEACH (Calif.)* YMCA won the Seniors' competition 15-7 over the Outrigger Canoe Club Green of Hawaii.

WRESTLING In the U.S. Olympic freestyle trials at Ames, Iowa, LARRY KRISTOFF of Carbondale, Ill. won the heavyweight division, beating Dale Stearns of Iowa City in a mere 33 seconds. Kristoff was on the 1964 Olympic team, as was BOBBY DOUGLAS of Bridgeport, Ohio, who defeated Tom Huff of Air Force in the 138.5-pound class. Other winners were: DICK SOFMAN of New York, *125.5*; SERGIO GONZALES of Los Angeles, *114.5*; JASON SMITH of Iowa State, 171.5; TOM PECKHAM of Iowa State, 191.5; JESS LEWIS of Corvallis, Ore., 213.5; and FRED LETT of Ann Arbor, Mich., 154.

MILEPOSTS AWARDED. To STAN MIKITA, 28, of the Chicago Black Hawks, the Hart Memorial Trophy as the most valuable player in the NHL for the second year in a row. BOBBY ORR, 20, of the Boston Bruins, gained the James Norris Memorial Trophy as the league's outstanding defenseman, while his teammate, DEREK SANDERSON, 21, was voted the Calder Memorial Trophy as the rookie of the year.

DENIED. By the 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, MUHAMMAD ALI's appeal from his conviction and five year prison sentence for refusing to be drafted into the armed services.

DISQUALIFIED. As winner of the Kentucky Derby for showing traces of the drug phenylbutazone in postrace tests, DANCER'S IMAGE (*page 20*).

RESIGNED. TOE BLAKE, 55, coach of the Montreal Canadiens after 13 years in which his teams won nine league titles and eight Stanley Cups.

RESIGNED. As head *basketball coach* at Manhattan College after 22 years and a 312-204 won-lost record, KEN NORTON, 54, to spend more time as athletic director. Norton's successor will be JOHN J. POWERS, a former Jasper basketball player who was the school's freshman coach last season.

RETIRED. From the NFL after 15 years and a *league record of 182* consecutive games, JIM RINGO, 36, a six-time All-Pro center for the Green Bay Packers from 1953 until 1963, when he was traded to Philadelphia. Ringo missed only one of 278 games, including exhibition and postseason play, during his 15 years.

RETIRED. AVELINO GOMEZ, 39, a Cuban-born jockey who gained six Canadian riding championships and one North American title (1966) in his nine years of competition in the north. Gomez, who found it difficult to get down to riding weight, plans to return to the track as a trainer after buying some horses with the million dollars he earned as a jockey.

DIED. BILL BUNTIN, 26, an All-Big Ten center for three years (1962–65) at the University of Michigan, of an apparent heart attack after a pickup basketball game in Detroit. Buntin played with All-America Cazzie Russell on the Wolverine teams that won two straight Big Ten titles and finished second to UCLA in the 1965 NCAA tournament.

DIED. CRAIG WOOD, 66, the Masters and U.S. *Open golf champion in 1941, of a heart attack in* Palm Beach, Fla. Wood, who was nicknamed The Blond Bomber because of the length of his tee shots and No. 2 Wood for his string of second-place finishes (often in playoffs) and his preference for the club, was on the pro circuit from the mid-'20s until 1945.

CREDITS

4—Sheedy & Long. 27—Leroy Pelton-Indianapolis News. 28, 29 courtesy United States Golf Association (2); center, Eric Schwabrodt. 40, 42 Herb Schorlmon. 41—Time mag. by J. Donovan. 62—Marvin E. Newman, AP. 64 Bruce Roberts, Rapho Guillumette. 71—Sheedy & Long. 76 Richard Raphael. 97—Ron Riesterer-Gulfoon. 98—Frank R. Anderson-Vanguard.

FACES IN THE CROWD



GARY JOHNSON, who pitches for the All-Indian Cherokee (N.C.) High School, struck out 22 batters in a seven-inning game as his team edged Robbinsville 4–3. Robbinsville's runs came on two dropped third strikes, two stolen bases, two wild pitches and a triple.



JAN WILLIAMS, 15, of Erie, Pa., won 60 ribbons with her Morgan gelding in her first year showing horses, including the Saddle Seat Equitation, Junior Exhibitor Reserve and Versatility Reserve titles in the New York Morgan Club's high-point awards.



JOE GORSKI, a junior at Lincoln High School in Tacoma, Wash., *bowled* a *785* three-game series—which included a 300 game in junior league competition to score the highest series mark by a junior in Tacoma and the first perfect game as well. Joe's average is 190.



OTIS HALEY, a senior at Wasco (Calif.) High School, leaped 7′ 1¼″ at the Kern Relays in Bakersfield to better by three-quarters inch the national interscholastic high-jump mark set a week earlier by Reynaldo Brown of Compton, Calif. Otis set the record on his third try.



JACK LEWIS JR. of Wake Forest University gained a 7 and 6 victory over Bill Hyndman in the 36-hole finals of the North and South Amateur golf championship at the Pinehurst (N.C.) Country Club. Last month Lewis tied as second low amateur in the Masters.



JOHN (Jay) SHELTON, a graduate student in physics at the University of California at Berkeley, won the first annual International Frisbee Association Master *Qualification* Meet in Pasadena's Rose Bowl, defeating a field of 115 expert frisbee throwers.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DREAM AND REALITY

Sirs:

Your article on the new Mets (*Lights in the Met Cellar*, May 6) was both humorous and encouraging. Last September I came to Boston University and witnessed the miracle of the Red Sox. Now as I return home for the summer I hope the Mets will provide the same excitement for New York.

JEFF SLEVIN

Boston

Sirs:

We are hockey players and loyal fans of the Boston Bruins. We also are believers in the "impossible dream" and we feel that a local basketball player now reigns supreme over the Bobby Orrs and the Carl Yastrzemskis. Please cast three votes for Coach and Player Bill Russell as Sportsman of the Year 1968. The "flag" goes up again!

BEN SMITH
BOBBY BAUER JR
DWIGHT WARE

Cambridge, Mass.

SUCCESS STORY

Sirs:

I sincerely enjoy SI and I found the recent article by Frank Deford on Jim (Mudcat) Grant most interesting (*Coochee Coos Another Tune*, April 8). Although Mudcat is a friend of mine and I know that he is endeavoring to prepare for a postbaseball career, I must take exception to one of Mr. Deford's statements. He says that Negro baseball players, with the exception of Jackie Robinson, have not been a success once they've left baseball.

My major league career was not great in longevity, but my years with the Brooklyn Dodgers did accord me some fame and unforgettable moments. And I'd like to believe that I have enjoyed some successes since retiring from baseball in 1957.

I taught school in Plainfield, N.J. from 1957 until 1962, when I resigned to accept a marketing position with Greyhound Lines, Inc. Greyhound promoted me to the corporate marketing staff in 1963 as Director of Special Markets, and in May 1967 I was promoted to Vice-president, Special Markets.

Additionally, if Mr. Deford had taken the time to research, he would have learned that many current players are preparing themselves for the day when they can no longer play baseball.

JOE BLACK

Chicago

UNDAUNTED

Sirs:

I am unimpressed by your dire tale of five trimaran disasters at sea over a recent 21-month period (*Hey Ho and Up She Rises*, May 6). The record is meaningless in that it is incomplete. Five trimarans are missing out of how many deep-sea trimaran voyages? What are the comparable statistics for monohulls? I don't really expect answers to these questions. They are probably not available, since only losses are recorded. Further, I suspect it is mainly the trimaran losses that are noteworthy and that, of course, explains your story.

You have conclusively proved only that the sea is a dangerous place. But I knew that before reading your article.

JOHN H. MORRIS

Bay Shore, N.Y.

Sirs:

After having spent a year in the Canal Zone and having seen trimarans come through (two or three weekly) in passage from England to Australia and New Zealand, I became personally acquainted with most of their crews and shared some of their experiences. I feel certain that you have done a great disservice. The trimaran (Piver designed) is probably the safest sailing boat afloat. I left Panama in a 30-foot trimaran. I sailed due north and cleared the Quita Sueño Bank in four days on one tack in 30- to 35-knot winds, continuously burying all three hulls on every fourth or fifth wave. The boat tolerated this beating with no leeway and with the wheel tied down. We easily made Fort Myers, Fla. in 13 days after being becalmed for four days. My companion, who has sailed square-riggers around the Horn, stated that no planked monohull could have stood that pounding without opening seams and leaking badly. My trimaran cost about one eighth the price of an equivalent 30-foot monohull and is much safer.

JOHN W. BUCKNER, M.D.

Jacksonville

PRICE WAR

Sirs:

Really, now. How can you believe that the Kentucky Colonels paid $62,000 for Louisville newspaper advertisements and not believe that the Colonels negotiated in good faith for Westley Unseld's services (SCORECARD, April 15)? Technically, your statement that we made only the $210,000 offer to Unseld is correct. However, Westley's attorney had prepared in longhand a proposal in the amount of $400,000 for a four-year contract. The Colonels asked him to put this in proper contract form and have Westley sign it so that it could be accepted. This contract was then read aloud in Unseld's presence, at which time Unseld and his attorneys left the conference room and conferred for approximately 15 minutes. When they returned, the attorney announced that Westley was not prepared to sign it on that date. The next day the attorney called us and advised that, although Unseld had not yet signed with Baltimore, all negotiations were off and that they would not meet further with the Colonels. That is when the Colonels purchased the newspaper ads offering Unseld $500,000.

We may not be experienced negotiators but your implication that the $500,000 offer was purely a propaganda move is unwarranted. And, incidentally, the newspaper ads cost $1,685, a far cry from the $62,000 figure you published.

CHARLIE MASTIN
Business Manager
Kentucky Colonels

Louisville

SALMON RUSTLERS

Sirs:

I am impressed with Dr. Lauren Donaldson's ingenuity in devising a method for branding salmon before releasing them into the sea (SCORECARD, May 6). It is probably true that in his research project the question of ownership rights to the salmon is not important. But there will be knotty legal problems if his efforts lead to commercial "salmon ranching."

It may soon be practicable for a salmon rancher to raise young salmon in a hatchery and liberate them at about one year old to roam the open sea ranges, there to grow and fatten. Following their natural habit, the salmon would return in two years to their exact place of birth for spawning. In the home stream they could be rounded up by the rancher and taken to market.

The problem that arises from such a venture is that there is no law to prevent the freelance fishermen from catching the branded salmon on the high seas and making the profit themselves. Nor do we have a national law that would protect the fish from salmon "rustlers" in the bays or rivers.

In the face of such problems we will need both new laws and a new jurisprudence if salmon ranching is to become a reality. Even then we may have a return of 19th century range wars and brand switching in a new wild west of the rivers, the sounds and the high seas.

JOHN CLARK
President, American
Littoral Society

Highlands, N.J.

LONG DISTANCE VIEW

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article on Jock Semple (*Angry Overseer of the Marathon*,

continued

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



NEW LISTING.

We've always known that BUSINESS WEEK was important reading for investors. We deliver so much news about business, and so many forecasts about business futures.

However, even *we* were a bit surprised by a phone call from a stockbroker in Baltimore. His question: how come the Bemis Company didn't have their usual ad on the fourth cover of BUSINESS WEEK? He was a close watcher of Bemis stock, he explained, and therefore a close watcher of Bemis advertising. Was Bemis planning any change in their program?

Well, BUSINESS WEEK keeps its mouth shut about the plans of our advertisers. But we did point out that Bemis ran a four-color spread in the *second* cover position of that issue.

The episode proved that it's not just BW's editorial pages that investors watch. They look at the index on the next-to-last page – the weekly listing of BUSINESS WEEK advertisers. You might say it's BUSINESS WEEK's own "Exchange"–of ideas and information between America's leading companies. Want to be listed? Just call us down at the Street. 42nd, that is.



You advertise in BUSINESS WEEK to inform management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

April 22)! It certainly was an accurate description of Jock's world. Thank heaven for men like Jock and the handful of dedicated officials who labor many hours without consideration for monetary gain in the rapidly vanishing "true amateur spirit." They are a rarity, indeed.

JOHN WALLACE

Winthrop, Mass.

Sirs:

I would like to comment on women in distance running and the much publicized pictures of Jock Semple charging Kathy Switzer. First, to come to Jock's defense, he was one of the few men in distance running who encouraged George Terry when George began training me for middle distances in 1960—a time at which the AAU forbade girls to run over 880 yards.

Second, though Jock's attack was unjustifiably rough (and I'm sure he regrets it), he technically was doing the correct thing. It is against AAU rules for men and women to compete in the same race. Competitors and officials involved in an illegal race can be faced with severe AAU penalties.

But why this rule? In European orienteering events, men, women and children all run a race simultaneously but are awarded prizes separately. In the U.S. men and boys often run distance events together and awards are presented according to age or classification. In some parts of the country, where there are few women running, mixed competition would provide the only real competitive experience for girls with exceptional talent. As things stand now, a girl may never have had anyone come close to challenging her in a race until she reaches the national championships!

To those who say women cannot or should not run the marathon, may I point out that the average time of the four American women I know who have run a marathon is under 3:30. This is quite respectable for a first attempt by a man or a woman. Therefore, I can see no good arguments for forbidding men and women to compete simultaneously in distance events. Physically women are capable of running the distances, competitively they will benefit from it and personally they enjoy it. So why not?

JULIA CHASE

Bloomington, Ind.

HIGHER EDUCATION

Sirs:

It is true, as you reported in SCORECARD (May 6), that Michigan State University no longer offers courses for a degree in mobile-home building. It does, however, offer courses in weed control, advanced football, meat grading, advanced jewelry and square-dance calling.

DONALD R. GARLIT

East Lansing, Mich.

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Once a Great Lady, Now She Is up for Hire

Remodeled to serve as a charter boat for Caribbean cruising and carousing, the ketch 'Ticonderoga' was built as a family day sailer but turned out to be the best ocean racer of her time

by HUGH WHALL

Moor her alongside half a dozen newer glamour boats," says her skipper, Henry J. Davis, "and even landlubbers will pick her out of the bunch. It's always been that way." Henry was talking about the 72-foot ketch *Ticonderoga*, known for years to blue-water sailors as *Big Ti*, the most glamorous and exciting ocean racer of them all.

Big Ti was christened *Tioga* (the name was not lengthened until many years later) on Aug. 10, 1936, and all of Marblehead, Mass. was on hand for the launching. Everyone within the sight or sound of water knew about the big ketch, commissioned by Millionaire Harry E. Noyes from the drawing board of L. Francis Herreshoff, youngest son of Captain Nat, the famed "Wizard of Bristol." Oddly enough, Noyes was not thinking much about racing when he ordered the boat. What he wanted was a craft big and comfortable enough to take the family sailing on weekend afternoons. "We already had a 57-foot boat," Noyes's son Bradley explains, "but my father didn't think she was big enough for the whole family to crowd aboard for weekend cruising."

Today, when the boats designed for day sailing are rarely longer than 20 feet and the biggest ocean racers are no bigger than *Ti*, it is hard to imagine a 72-foot "afternoon sailer" as Designer Herreshoff calls her. But those were the days of low income taxes and yard costs.

As the christening ceremony began, according to one newspaper account, "workmen pounded in wedges to raise the keel blocks, and 11-year-old Helen Noyes stepped into the christening box. She swung the champagne bottle with the decisive finality of a ballplayer hitting a home run, and the shattering of the bottle against the chain bobstay seemed to push the new yacht right down the ways."

As the cheering crowd pressed forward, the graceful craft, supposedly safely supported by her cradle, rushed toward the water. Then, without warning, the cradle suddenly jammed, stopped abruptly and began to splinter. The great yacht lurched toward the building shed wall. But *Tioga* did not capsize. Something checked her drunken reel, she staggered upright and then slid smoothly into the harbor. Except for a scratched bulwark, she apparently was none the worse for her narrow escape. Afterward it was said that the long, straight keel Herreshoff had given her was primarily instrumental in saving *Ti* that day.

To listen to Herreshoff tell it today, all modern boats are cranky, ungainly, unseaworthy machines that sail slowly because their shapes are dictated not by beauty or a quest for speed but by the devil of a rating rule that determines their handicaps.

"Those modern boats," he says, "are corky. They thrash around, don't go fast and carry all those dangerous sails." Herreshoff feels that the only way to make a boat is to make it long on the waterline —one of the principal factors in speed production—and give it shallow draft and an easy, flowing shape.

Although *Tioga* quickly justified her designer's theories, her first race was not notable. It was a short event that took place only a month after her nearly disastrous launching. Neither *Ti* nor her crew was tuned, and she finished third from last. Nevertheless, sailing men were already beginning to rhapsodize over her grace and promise of speed. Author Geoffrey G. Smith recalled his feelings when, returning from the 1939 Halifax Race, the boat he was aboard sailed in company with *Tioga*. "As we were abeam of each other with a clear sky, sparkling sea with a few scattered whitecaps, and a brilliant sun lighting up her white sails, *Tioga* was, I believe, the most beautiful sight I have ever seen at sea."

A year later *Ti* began to hit her stride. Driven by 25- to 35-knot breezes she raced from Miami to Nassau in a little over 19.5 hours to average an almost unheard-of 9.39 knots.

Now 9.39 knots may not seem much to a drag racer or a hot-rod hotshot, but to a blue-water sailor there is no experience to compare with that of surfing down tall seas in a sailing vessel powered by an intricate system of wire, fabric and spars, her boom alternately striding and dragging through wave crests, everything strained to the limit. Speed then becomes an elemental, personal experience, an experience that continues not for brief hours but sometimes for days on end. Big yachts like *Ti* can be heard approaching from a mile away. Like the winter wind, they play chills on one's back as the pulsing thrum of rigging and the swoosh of a bow wave herald their arrival.

In 1941 her first owner died in an airplane accident, and *Tioga* went into mothballs. Then in 1942, following the example of other yacht owners, the Noyes family offered her to the Coast Guard for service as a coastal picket boat. Designated CGR2509, her beauty hidden in a drab coat of gray paint, she set off to war armed with nothing more awesome than a .45 submachine gun. For a year or more she helped search for U-boats along the coast from Norfolk, Va. to Boston. Upon her retirement, shortly after losing part of her mainmast to an overeager bridge tender, the Coast Guard characterized *Ti* as "able and very fast."

Fortunately one man, especially impressed by these qualities when he served aboard her, had the wherewithal to buy *Ti* when the war was over. Allan P. Carlisle quickly converted her gray paint to gleaming yacht-white. Old woodwork,

continued

newly scraped and varnished, regained its luster. Down below, *Tioga*, her name now *Ticonderoga*, remained the plush afternoon sailer she had always been, smelling of teak and varnish and other aromas unknown in modern boats built of aluminum or fiber glass. Not only did she boast a central heating plant but, as Author Geoffrey Smith noted, she had "a deepfreeze large enough for a family hotel." With such luxury to distract him and his guests, Carlisle pretty much forgot about racing.

Big Ti's next owner, John Hertz Jr., son of the Rent A Car founder, followed Carlisle's lead in cruising *Ti* more often than racing her. Nevertheless, she managed to set a record for the St. Petersburg-Havana race in 1952 that still stands.

Hertz raced *Ti* to Spain, then set her wandering through the Mediterranean and finally back across the Atlantic to the Virgin Islands. And it was during the final leg of the trip from Saint Thomas to Miami that *Big Ti* made the most extraordinary run of all time. Temporarily skippered by Commander W. H. Main of the Coast Guard, she moved 667 miles in 72 hours. On one day, sun to sun, she covered 264 miles at an average speed of 11 knots. Apprised of the feat, Designer Herreshoff, with understandable pride, wrote to John Hertz, "I am under the impression that this is by far the longest three-day run made by a sailboat anywhere near as small as *Ticonderoga*." Added Herreshoff, "The only records I recall offhand that are better were made by some of the large clipper ships that were in the neighborhood of 300 feet long."

Purchased next by Baxter Still of Miami, *Ti* went West for the Honolulu Race in 1961, then was sent to the Great Lakes. Over the months that followed she logged 50,000 miles but, like an aging woman with expensive tastes, her upkeep was becoming higher and higher: one year alone she cost her owners $50,000. But there was a lumberman from Oregon who didn't let it faze him.

If *Ti* had been driven hard or gone far before, it was nothing compared to the push that Robert F. Johnson gave her. Unlike her previous owners, rough, tough Lumberman Johnson saw in his new acquisition a thoroughbred whose performance was worth improving. He took her West and, without spoiling her looks, trimmed her waistline until, at the advanced age of 28, she began to move faster than ever.

Ticonderoga first cracked the record from Los Angeles to Tahiti—last held by a 98-footer—then the Honolulu race record, then the Jamaica race, then the transatlantic time in 1966. On the Honolulu race she covered 2,353 nautical miles in 9 days, 13 hours, 51 minutes at an average speed of 10.2 knots—three days under the record of *Flying Cloud*, a full-rigged ship that was four times her length and set two square miles of canvas.

Even the ultramodern ocean-racing catamarans could not approach the flying *Ti*. *Aikane*, a huge cat and swift owner of the multihull Honolulu record, came no closer than eight hours to the Hawaii pace set in 1965 by big, old-fashioned *Ti*.

But the strain lines of hard use began to streak *Ticonderoga*'s hull and spars. Going to Denmark in 1966 despite Herreshoff's claim that "she never leaked and never squeaked," *Ti*'s crew had the pumps going long and often. As one old *Ti* bug pointed out, "Johnson's crew was so busy driving the boat they had little time for maintenance or fancy work."

Last year Johnson donated the bedraggled-but-still-proud *Ticonderoga* to Florida's Nova University which, proclaiming that it "wanted to gain the greatest possible benefit from the splendid vessel," quickly sold her to the Robodor Corporation of New York. Spruced up and remodeled, *Ticonderoga* will sail the seas again, but she no longer will press forward to new records under the huge spinnakers and other airy sails that her designer still abhors. Instead, *Big Ti* will cruise sedately under working canvas out of her pasture grounds, the Virgin Islands, under charter to luxury-seeking parties who will pay $2,500 a week in season and $2,000 out of season for the privilege of sailing her.

Nice for them, of course. Still, it seems a pity. **END**



DESIGNER FRANCIS HERRESHOFF DISAPPROVED OF "BIG TI'S" RACING SUIT OF SAILS

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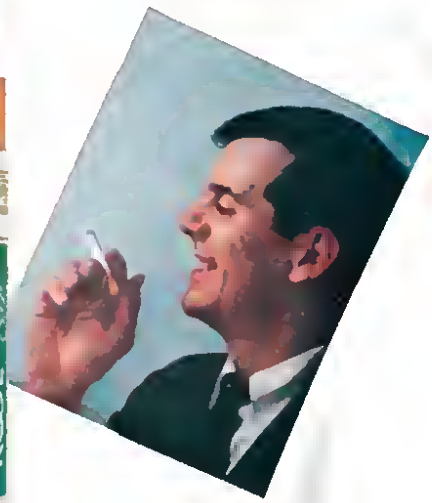
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